HARPER'S WEEKLY.
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BISMARCK HAS RESIGNED AGAIN, BECAUSE HE CAN NOT HAVE HIS OWN WAY IN HIS OWN COUNTRY.

HE IS COMING TO AMERICA, WHERE EACH ONE CONSTITUTES A "*ONE-MAN POWER*," AND NEVER FAILS TO HAVE HIS OWN WAY.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1880.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 33, issued June 15, contains an illustrated sketch entitled "Charley's Balloon Voyage," by FRANK H. TAYLOR; *"The Sun as a Worker," by* W. J. ROLFE; *Chapter Three of "The Moral Pirates," with two illustrations; "The Big Dog's Lesson;" "The Carpenter's Sermon;" the conclusion of "The Story of George Washington"; "An Indian Game," illustrated; "Living Honey-Combs;" "A Well-meaning Little Busybody;" and many other attractions.*

THE REPUBLICAN NOMINATION.

THE nomination of General GARFIELD has been received with great satisfaction by Republicans throughout the country. It is due to that sober good sense which is always present and powerful in a great Convention, despite the apparent folly and fury which prevail. The cool political sagacity and patriotism which were represented at Chicago were fully aware of the peril to which the Republican party was exposed, and the dangers were very imminent. They have been happily avoided, and the avoidance is largely due to the character of the party. It is due also, it should be gratefully acknowledged, to the action of Messrs. SHERMAN and BLAINE, who at the right moment, instead of clinging only to their own fortunes, perceived the situation, and renounced the contest, to prevent a disaster both to the country and to the party. Four years ago, in speaking of the nomination of Mr. HAYES, the New York *Times* said: "The great principles of Republicanism have survived the corruption with which they have been overlaid; the party has shaken off the influences which threatened to paralyze it......It has repudiated the corruption which its so-called leaders have suffered to stain its record and make its honest members hang their heads for shame." It would have been a disaster had the party, four years later, been unable to shake off the same influences.

It is always a fatal mistake to forget that while party spirit is as rife among Republicans as Democrats, and while every Republican is justly proud of the historical party which has done such splendid service for the country and for the world, yet the party is full of independent and intelligent men who value it as a public agency, not as a personal machine, and who do not hesitate to vote against any candidate or measure which imperils the real Republican character and purpose, and tends to make the party the tender to any man or any clique. Senator CONKLING is reported to have said in the New York caucus at Chicago that treachery to the party is treachery to the country. But he forgot to add that repudiation of "so-called leaders" is often the highest fidelity both to the party and the country. The Republicans of whom we speak have no kind of "grievance" whatever. They are not public men. They take no other part in politics than voting, but their votes make the party majority. They are not in the least troubled by the nickname of "deputy Democrats," or "Democrats by brevet," or "scratchers," or "soreheads," or "crotchety." They do not propose to be "bobs to anybody's kite." They are self-respecting American citizens, to whom the frantic appeals of "bosses," eager to push jobs through a Legislature or nominations through a Convention, "to stand by the old party principles," are only unspeakably comical. This body of sincere and devoted Republicans, as the "bosses" and jobbers know, is dangerously large and terribly quiet. They are not of the blustering kind. They do not threaten to bolt, but they bolt. They elect and defeat Presidents. They make and unmake parties. The politicians who leave them out of the calculation play with fire. They are the people who justify American institutions, and keep parties and party bosses in order.

These are the Republicans who have triumphed at Chicago in the defeat of the third-term project. They have prevailed by simple weight of character, that is, by the consciousness that they would not support what they did not approve, whether it had the "regular" party sanction or not. To defy this sentiment was to defeat the party, and this was so generally understood that it prevented the defiance. The result, so far as the third term is concerned, is a peculiar victory for the party, because it shows to the country that the recuperative force within the party, upon which Republican "reformers" count, is active and powerful, and in fact is the great conservative element of our politics. Those who remain with parties, and who do what they can to mould the party action in accordance with the convictions of the most patriotic and intelligent citizens, must sometimes, and even often, submit to discomfiture. But the contest for the control of a great party is always worth making, and it is a grave mistake to break with the party upon any merely personal or unessential point. When, however, the party is apparently turned against its own character and principles, and asks support on the ground of the overthrow of a barrier against dangerous ambitions and unscrupulous men, it is time to consider whether fidelity to the party is not treachery to the country. Happily this question has been avoided, and every Republican can most gladly vote for General GARFIELD.

THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATES.

WE give elsewhere a portrait and a sketch of General GARFIELD—a candidate whose long and brilliant public service, conceded ability, varied intelligence, simple and manly bearing, and earnest political convictions combine to make him a most fortunate candidate for the Republican party. He is not "a dark horse" in the sense of obscurity, for he is the recognized leader of the Republicans in the House of Representatives, and he is one of the familiar political names of the time. His Republican sympathies are wide and generous, and he has often shown that spirit of independence which is better than stolid partisanship even for the party purpose. His bearing in the Chicago Convention, the candor and dignity and sagacity of all that he said and did, made him the master figure, and characteristically representative of the party. Utterly free from theatrical rant and petty conceit, he won the universal respect and regard of his colleagues in the Convention, as he had long since won those of his associates in the party. His nomination was one of those sudden strokes to which all Conventions are subject, but it was a happy solution of a most difficult and dangerous question.

The Vice-Presidency is popularly regarded as a fifth wheel to the coach, but it is a position which Dr. JOHNSON might describe as of immense potentiality. Mr. ARTHUR was selected in accordance with the principle which governs the practice of nominating Conventions—to placate the minority, and to regard "locality," shades of party color, and other considerations. The suggestion that it was Mr. CONKLING'S stab at a Presidential nomination that he could not prevent is not to be entertained. The nomination was unwise as representing hostility to the administration of Mr. HAYES, and a kind of politics not acceptable to discreet Republicans. It is but right to acknowledge the disappointment with which the news of the completion of the ticket was received, But the greater absorbs the less. The names can not be separated, and the nomination of General GARFIELD was a result so auspicious and admirable, that the motives of the minor nomination may be disregarded.

In General GARFIELD the sound views, the high spirit, the patriotic purposes and principles of the Republican party have a most fitting representative. The St. Louis committee, which was to call a Convention if it had become necessary to organize against a third term, promptly congratulated him, and were left without a duty except that of working for his election. The Independent Republicans of New York, the Republican League of Philadelphia, the Young Republicans of Massachusetts, and the similar Republican associations in Illinois and elsewhere, representative of an energy, a conviction, and a fidelity which will be felt everywhere in the campaign, enthusiastically accept a candidate for whom they will most gladly labor; and there is perhaps no man who could more closely unite the different wings of the party, and secure a more harmonious and triumphant campaign, than the leader whose portrait we present to-day, and whose name will ring from every stump from June to November.

THE THIRD TERM.

THE result at Chicago, for one reason at least, will be satisfactory to the great body of Republican voters. It saves the party from making the dangerous innovation of a third term in its platform—a position which no party, in the evenly balanced political position of the country, could hope to hold with success. The feeling of hostility to a third term is not a chimera. It is deeply founded, and upon cogent reasons. The question involved is not whether a good officer should be indefinitely continued, but whether a bad officer should be enabled indefinitely to continue himself. Were the unwritten law which compels every President to retire at the end of two terms formally abrogated by the country, the aim of a President would be his indefinite re-election, and we should ourselves have smoothed the way for the gratification of the most illicit ambition.

Senator CAMERON, in his speech upon calling the Chicago Convention to order, said something about the inability of anybody to withstand the will of the people. Yet Mr. CAMERON was even then panting with the effort, as a mere chairman of a committee, to defy its will, and rule it arbitrarily. He failed; but surely if a mere chairman, with no power or resources, is fool-hardy enough to make such an attempt, it is not inconceivable that a President, with the immense power of the patronage, and with a servile and thoroughly trained machine at his command, and with the force of party spirit behind him, might endeavor to secure a renomination against the real desire even of his own party, and with great chances of success. Can any reason be assigned—for certainly none has been offered—for promoting such a possibility as this? The unwritten law against a third term is a conservative and hitherto an undisturbed barrier against a repetition upon a larger and much more dangerous scale of Mr. DON CAMERON'S performance in the National Committee. It is not conceivable, except in a possible national extremity, that the advantages to the country of according to any President more than two terms should be so great as the inevitable mischiefs of familiarizing the public mind with the idea of a perpetual Presidency obtained by such means as were exhibited in New York, Pennsylvania, and Illinois by the third term managers. Their proposition to change the Republican party into a third-term party at this time was the more unpardonable because not only would it have made the general question of a third and indefinite further terms the great issue of the campaign of 1880, but it would have joined that issue upon the most vulnerable of Republican administrations.

Five years or more ago HARPER'S WEEKLY and other Republican journals took the strongest ground against the overthrow of the sound and wise tradition of two terms only, and in great Republican States the most emphatic declaration of the same kind was made; and now the Republican National Convention, the last tribunal of appeal, has emphatically pronounced against it, and the question, full of a great peril, happily disappears from our politics.

THE CINCINNATI CONVENTION.

THE political attention of the country now turns from Chicago to Cincinnati. The Democratic Convention will meet on the 22d of June, and the nomination seems to depend upon the will of Mr. TILDEN. This is unfortunate for his party, because he is undoubtedly its weakest candidate. Circumstances have made him the most powerful in the Convention, and the least powerful in the country. The explanation of this fact is simple. When Mr. TILDEN was elected Governor of New York, six years ago, he was virtually unknown beyond the State. National attention was called to him because of the extraordinary fact that while Governor DIX had been elected in 1872 by 50,000 majority, Mr. TILDEN received the same majority—an apparent change of 100,000 votes. This, however, was only apparent, because in the GREELEY and KERNAN campaign of 1872 many Democrats refrained from voting altogether. The general Democratic success of 1874 was very significant, and indicated such general discontent with Republican administration that the Democrats believed it possible to carry the Presidency in 1876 if a fit candidate could be found. Mr. TILDEN was one of the Democrats who saw it, and who also saw that a Democratic Governor of New York, elected by a great majority, and with no disabling record, if he could signalize himself by some happy stroke, would be the most promising of candidates. Mr. TILDEN was an old politician also, quite shrewd enough to see that the Democratic success of 1874 was due to a demand for the reform of abuses. His part was plain. It was to pose as a reform Governor.

This part he assumed with great alacrity and success. He attacked the notorious Canal Ring with vigor, and made his official term a canvass for the Presidential nomination. Thoroughly versed in machine tactics, of great fortune, and of an unexcitable temperament, he "packed the cards" with great adroitness, but a little overplayed his especial part by surrounding himself with unknown Democratic young men and with Republican recruits, thus alienating many of the old leaders of the party, whose vengeance he has felt ever since. Very wisely the Democratic party raised the campaign cry of "reform," and nominated the "reform" Governor of New York, who appeared to the country in the remarkable character of an able administrator who had not hesitated to grapple with knaves of his own party. The disgust which the scandals of the last GRANT administration had produced in the public mind, and the doubt whether Mr. HAYES would withstand the influences which had prevailed in the Republican party, with the bulldozing and frauds in Southern States, gave Mr. TILDEN a very large apparent vote, and it was only by a single electoral vote in Louisiana, and after a furious and threatening contest in Congress, that the election of Mr. HAYES was secured. The Electoral Commission was a most fortunate solution of a very menacing situation; and the country, conscious of doubts and offenses upon both sides, gladly welcomed it, and cordially acquiesced in the result.

But the Democratic party, by its majority in Congress, by its orators and its Conventions, declared that a great fraud had been perpetrated, which the country would not condone. It asserted that Mr. TILDEN had been elected, but had been defrauded of his seat, and that the wrong would be righted at the polls. Mr. TILDEN said the same thing, and the Democrats were evidently a happy family upon the important point. Meanwhile, however, dismal disclosures were made in regard to the "reform" candidate who had been defrauded. It appeared beyond controversy that the confidential agents of the "defrauded" candidate had been trying to secure his election by the baldest fraud. It was alleged, indeed, that he was looking out of the window, and knew nothing of the ways of his wicked partners. But at that suggestion there was a smile of incredulity. The prestige of "reform" vanished from Mr. TILDEN like a morning vapor; but his party, conscious that its only hope lay in the cry of fraud, persisted in raising it, until now it is the only Democratic cry. The party has condoned the Democratic fraud by which Mr. TILDEN'S election was sought, in order to refuse to condone the alleged Republican fraud by which, as it says, he was kept from his seat. If, therefore, he chooses to demand the nomination, the party can not refuse it. But should he be nominated, what would be the Democratic situation? The entire independent vote, which turned the scale for him in New York, would be withheld. An important Democratic vote would be alienated by disgust. Whatever objection might be felt to the Republican candidate, a vote for Mr. TILDEN would be a vote for a candidate to whose house the most criminal and dangerous fraud had been brought home—a fraud which no honest voter, under any consideration, would "condone." Mr. TILDEN would represent nothing whatever but Democratic desire for the spoils, and the most unscrupulous methods of obtaining them. The Convention at Cincinnati will be watched with great interest, therefore, to see if it evades the logic of the situation. It would be ridiculous to thunder about fraud, and nominate some other candidate than the one who, as the Convention will declare, has been defrauded. The peculiar interest which has made the Chicago Convention memorable will be, of course, wanting. There will be no question of introducing an incalculably hazardous innovation into our political usages. But it will be interesting to see which the Democratic party will discard, its cry or its candidate.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY AND REFORM.

THE vital issue mentioned in the Chicago platform is that of civil service reform. The other declarations, except that upon protection, are abstract and perfunctory. The civil service resolution was added by the Convention, as we said last week, after a repeated rejection in the committee, and it was added simply because the Convention did not like to omit it when the question was directly raised. The hack party politicians hate and despise it, but the intelligence of the Convention knew perfectly well that the moral sentiment of the country and of the Republican party demands it; and although the resolution was pared into the utmost possible harmlessness, it still stands as the pledge of the party to reform—a pledge which will one day be redeemed. The friends of the reform will be glad to see the successive Republican declarations upon this subject.

In 1872, at Philadelphia, the Convention said:

"Any system of the civil service under which the subordinate positions of the government are considered rewards for mere party zeal is fatally demoralizing, and we therefore favor a reform of the system by laws which shall abolish the evils of patronage, and make honesty, efficiency, and fidelity the essential qualifications for public positions, without practically creating a life tenure of office."

In Cincinnati, in 1876, the following was the declaration:

"Under the Constitution the President and heads of departments are to make nominations for office, the Senate is to advise and consent to appointments, and the House of Representatives is to accuse and prosecute faithless officers. The best interest of the public service demands that these distinctions be respected;

that Senators and Representatives who may be judges and accusers should not dictate appointments to office. The invariable rule for appointments should have reference to the honesty, fidelity, and capacity of appointees, giving to the party in power those places where harmony and vigor of administration require its policy to be represented, but permitting all others to be filled by persons selected with sole reference to the efficiency of the public service and the right of citizens to share in the honor of rendering faithful service to their country."

The Chicago Republican Convention of 1880 declares—and this is the present pledge of the party:

"The Republican party, adhering to the principles affirmed by its last National Convention, of respect for the constitutional rules governing appointments to office, adopts the declaration of President HAYES that the reform in the civil service shall be thorough, radical, and complete; to that end it demands the co-operation of the legislative with the executive departments of the government, and that Congress shall so legislate that fitness, ascertained by proper practical tests, shall admit to the public service."

It is to Massachusetts, whose Republicanism has never faltered upon this fundamental and necessary reform, that this declaration is due. Its original form, however, was much more vigorous and comprehensive, and affirmed unequivocally the true principle. The resolution as it stands was completed in the original form as follows:

"That the tenure of administrative offices (except those through which the distinctive policy of the party in power shall be carried out) shall be made permanent during good behavior, and that the power of removal for cause, with due responsibility for the good conduct of subordinates, shall accompany the power of appointment."

The sound principles of an efficient service could not be more admirably expressed. Of course this declaration was smothered in the committee. The jayhawkers and foragers hoped to suppress it in the Convention. But Colonel CODMAN, one of the delegates at large from Massachusetts, in a few incisive and decisive words, announced that a vote upon it could not be evaded. When, therefore, the clause that we have last quoted had been stricken out, and FLANAGAN, of Texas, had innocently and ludicrously made the motive of opposition perfectly apparent, the resolution, shorn of its vigor, was adopted. But the fact of the introduction of so radical and ringing a declaration of the true principle, and that the Convention did not like to reject, however much it modified it, is full of encouragement to those who see in this reform the effective remedy for the most serious of our political evils.

GENERAL GARFIELD'S VIEW.

NOTHING in General GARFIELD struck the Chicago Convention more than his mingled modesty and manly candor, and the correspondent of the *Herald* recalls a passage in a speech of his delivered on the 10th of December, 1878, which is very characteristic, and illustrates the statesman-like turn of his mind as distinguished from the mere partisan or demagogue. It is idle to suppose that any Republican candidate could carry any Southern State. But every sensible man in those States will appreciate the strong good sense of General GARFIELD's remark:

"I want to say another thing. So far as I have studied the current of public thought and of political feeling in this country, no feeling has shown itself more strongly than the tendency of the public mind in the past few months. The man who attempts to get up a political excitement in this country on the old sectional issues will find himself without a party and without support. The man who wants to serve his country must put himself in the line of its leading thought, and that is the restoration of business, trade, commerce, industry, sound political economy, hard money, and honest payment of all obligations; and the man who can add anything in the direction of the accomplishment of any of these purposes is a public benefactor."

A LITTLE FLING.

IN commenting upon the result at Chicago, Mr. THURLOW WEED can not spare his little fling at civil service reform. He continues to think and to say that it is a humbug. The President, he says, dismissed Messrs. CORNELL and ARTHUR from the Custom-house, and the result is that one of them is Governor of New York, and the other is nominated for the Vice-Presidency.

But Mr. WEED forgets to say that Mr. CORNELL, who was pushed by Mr. CONKLING because he had been dismissed from the Custom-house, was in a minority of twenty thousand Republican votes, and would not have been Governor except for Mr. JOHN KELLY's Democratic bolt; while the National Convention defeated the most strenuous efforts of the enemies of the reform to master the party, renewed the party pledge, and nominated for the Presidency an especial friend of President HAYES. It is by no means the friends of reform who have been worsted in the most prolonged and exciting conflict in the history of the party.

There is undoubtedly a great difference of opinion upon the subject among Republicans. But while there is room for difference within a party upon a question which is not yet generally familiar, there is so large and intelligent and positive a support of this reform among Republicans, that if the party as such should echo Mr. WEED's words, it would be fatally weakened. Mr. WEED evidently regards Mr. ARTHUR's nomination as a victory over "the humbug of civil service reform." But it would be interesting to know whether he thinks that such a victory, if it were so understood, would strengthen the ticket.

COWPER.

THE last volume of the "English Men of Letters" is *Cowper*, by GOLDWIN SMITH, and none of the series is a more faithful portrait. COWPER was not a great poet, although his name in English literature fully justifies his appearance in this gallery. No life could be more uneventful, except for the sad intervals of his derangement, no character more quiet, and no recognized poetry less glowing with the touch of high genius. But his career is invested with a singular and pathetic interest, and there is a tranquil tone of English domesticity and simplicity in his verse, which is admirably characterized by Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH, and upon the whole probably justifies his opinion that he is the most important English poet between POPE and the group headed by WORDSWORTH, BYRON, and SHELLEY.

The two names which might challenge this verdict are GRAY and GOLDSMITH, both of whom touch a higher and a deeper chord than COWPER. But if a poet is to be judged by the reflection of the national character and feeling in his verse, the opinion of the present biographer will stand. COWPER wrote no single poem comparable to the "Elegy" or the "Deserted Village"—the tender, musing pathos of both of which is unsurpassed in English poetry. But, on the other hand, the broad English landscape and the characteristic average English mind are mirrored in COWPER as they are not in GOLDSMITH or GRAY.

The biographer is not especially in sympathy with his hero, but he is singularly just to him. GOLDWIN SMITH is a bold and aggressive political liberal, as well as a man of remarkable scholarly accomplishment; and the valetudinarian of Olney, devoted to domestic hares, placidly waiting upon Mrs. UNWIN, tutored by the didactic Rev. Mr. NEWTON, and writing long religio-contemplative poems, is not a heaven-appointed subject for an author who feels so strongly the claims and duties of an active part in life. But this picture of COWPER will not belittle him in the hearts of those who admire him, and who feel a sympathy with his gentle if morbid spirit, while it will justify his position to those who are not sympathetically attached to him.

ARCHÆOLOGY.

THE Archæological Institute of America is a society designed to aid actual historical exploration and research. Its head-quarters are in Boston, and it has already a membership of more than one hundred and twenty, and receives from this source a revenue of twenty-five hundred dollars. The report shows that assistance has been given during the year to Mr. JOSEPH THACHER CLARKE, who has been exploring in the Archipelago and along the coasts of Greece and Asia Minor. He furnishes a paper of notes of his work, and Mr. LEWIS H. MORGAN, who is one of the highest authorities upon the subject, a paper on the system of house-building practiced by the Indians. There is also the report of Mr. W. J. STILLMAN upon the remains at Monte Leone, in Italy.

During the coming year the society could usefully spend four thousand dollars to employ a qualified agent to study the life of the village Indians in Colorado and New Mexico, and eight thousand dollars for an exploration in Greece. Those who would contribute to such enterprises, if they knew that the money would not be wasted, have a perfect guarantee in the names and characters of the executive committee of the society, which consists of Professor CHARLES ELIOT NORTON, as President; MARTIN BRIMMER, Vice-President, and FRANCIS PARKMAN, H. W. HAYNES, Professor W. W. GOODWIN, ALEXANDER AGASSIZ, and Professor WILLIAM R. WARE. Mr. O. W. PEABODY is Treasurer, and Mr. E. H. GREENLEAF Secretary.

The society is the result of a sincere and scholarly interest in the subject of archæological research, and its work will not be flimsy or superficial. It has no merely popular or sensational object, and it favors no jobs. The gentlemen who are chiefly interested and responsible are probably the most fitted in the country for the conduct of the work, and they will be very glad of the aid of those who agree with them in their estimate of the importance of the project, and in the desirability of giving to America a share in the honor of the good work.

JOHN BROUGHAM.

WHETHER it is because of a gentle and child-like quality which is associated with the character of an actor, or because of a sense of the essentially fleeting nature of his fame, there is always a peculiar sadness in his death. In his prime no name is more familiar than that of the popular actor, and the newspapers and the intoxicating applause of the crowded and eager theatre fill his mind with a sense of success beyond the reach of fate. His life, too, is devoted to entertainment. It is a profession and a business, but its end is amusement. The contrast of disease and decay and death is very sharp, and "Alas, poor Yorick!" is the universal epitaph.

To the New York of the last fifteen or twenty years no name is more familiar than that of JOHN BROUGHAM. Even those who never saw him read his name constantly on the posters and in the newspapers, and so knew him, and had a kindly association with his name as that of a jesting and cheerful player who helped the gayety of nations. The only part in which we remember to have seen him was Sir Lucius O'Trigger. It was not in his best days, and there was a want of the full richness of the character, and an air of fatigue, as if the play were a task. But it had touches and gleams of pure Irish humor, and a certain jaunty gentlemanliness which was unique.

Suddenly his name re-appeared in the papers, only to announce his impending death. He was old and poor, and without family. His friends and attendants at the last were men and women of his own calling, who generously smoothed his pillow to the end. "Genial, witty, kind-hearted JOHN BROUGHAM is dead," wrote a friendly hand the next day in the *Tribune*. "The busy world may not remember him long, for the fame of actors and play-writers who do not reach the topmost pinnacle of their art is evanescent, but the generation that took delight in his plays and his personations will not soon forget him. He made life brighter and life's burdens lighter to many thousands of people, and he did harm to no one. In the profession which he loved and which loved him, and in the large social circle where his originality, humor, good-fellowship, and bright poetic nature made him a central figure, his memory will long be green."

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

THE association for the reform and codification of the laws of nations last year appointed an International Copyright Committee, at the head of which is Mr. JOHN JAY. This committee has addressed a letter to Secretary EVARTS alluding to the plan which has been lately proposed as between the United States and England as one that "should be cordially welcomed in both countries." The committee say that there is a "deepening conviction that an international copyright similar, for example, to that adopted by the German Empire, with an avoidance of injury in existing national industries, has become desirable, not alone as a matter of justice to American authors, but on the ground of practical expediency, and indeed necessity, to give new life and strength to the American book-trade, and to supply the basis of certainty which is essential to confidence and successful competition."

The plan contemplates equality of rights for both the American and the English author, and provides that a work by an American author shall be published in England "by a citizen or subject thereof," and *vice versa*. Mr. STEDMAN objects to this as unsatisfactory to the authors of both countries because of a limitation of time. He holds that authors must be allowed to decide when their works shall be published in either country, as one of their rights of literary property.

But as this "right" is simply a privilege granted by the country for its own advantage, and not in recognition of any property of the author, each country will decide for itself in what way its advantage can be promoted, and undoubtedly it will endeavor to avoid injury to existing national industries. We do not say that authors ought not to have an absolute right of property in their works. But that is not conceded by either country, and it is not now the question. The practical present question is whether, under the only law of copyright which is apparently possible in both countries, English and American authors will not be the gainers by the proposed arrangement. Certainly the leading English authors are of that opinion. Some modification in the details of determining "a reasonable time," as Mr. STEDMAN suggests, may be found feasible. But it is improbable, so long as the two countries make copyright laws for their own advantage, and not in recognition of an author's property, that either would consent to be deprived altogether of any desirable work. The present point is to gain the most possible for the author.

PERSONAL.

THE friends of Mr. RUSKIN propose to raise a fund by subscription for a statue of that author, to be placed in the School of Drawing at Oxford. Mr. RUSKIN is of slight stature, and rather unimpressive in appearance.

—M. COQUELIN, the distinguished French actor, who is coming over here, is said to have a particular admiration for American women, and greatly approves the manner in which young girls are brought up here and in England.

—The terms on which SARA BERNHARDT's American engagement with HENRY E. ABBEY has been made are said to be $1000 a night to her for one hundred nights, and that other expenses, including those of her company, will amount to fully $1000 more, making the cost of the entire engagement at least $200,000. "This," says the New York *Times*, "is an enormous outlay, and involves no little risk, as our theatrical public is fickle, and may or may not patronize the French actress liberally. Much will depend on the manner in which she is put forward. If a furor be created in her favor, as it can and probably will be by judicious management, the people will flock to see her rather than to hear her. They will buy tickets because she is the reigning sensation, not because they feel any special interest in the French drama or in French acting."

—Miss KATE FIELD has gone to England again, whence she will return in September to fulfill her platform engagements, and to set the Ladies' Dress Association in working order. This, says the *Tribune*, already promises to be a great success. The latest accession to the ranks of the association is Mrs. MILLARD FILLMORE, who takes a particular interest in its intentions in regard to American manufactures.

—Bishop E. O. HAVEN, who was chancellor of the Syracuse University when he was recently elevated to the Methodist episcopate, made a pathetic address at the reception given in his honor by the citizens of Syracuse and the faculty and students of the University. In closing, his voice was choked with emotion as he said: "In a few short weeks I shall be a wanderer on the face of the earth. Already I have my appointments. I shall be obliged to visit Tennessee, Kentucky, and Pennsylvania, and be present at four Conferences in Texas. The most time that I can hope to spend in what I may call my home will be three or four months. But wherever I shall go I shall often think of you. I have lived here as long as I have ever lived anywhere. But I feel now as if I must say 'Good-night to Syracuse, and good-morning to San Francisco.' That is where I must soon take the remnant of my family."

—The London correspondent of the New York *Tribune* writes: "As the query how Lord BEACONSFIELD's name should be pronounced occurs from time to time in the American press, the following anecdote may prove useful: When Mr. DISRAELI chose his title, he chose a name of which the local pronunciation is beyond doubt 'Beckonsfield.' Nobody in Buckinghamshire, where this quiet village is situated, ever thinks of pronouncing the word otherwise. But it happened that when the new peer had his first audience of the Queen, her Majesty, in addressing him by his title, pronounced it Beeconsfield. From that moment local usage and immemorial custom went for nothing. Lord BEACONSFIELD gave it to be understood that her Majesty had settled the matter once for all. He was too good a courtier to dispute the royal orthoepy. If LOUIS XIV.'s blunder sufficed to change the gender of *carrosse*, the Queen's ignorance of Buckingham speech was an equally good reason for metamorphosing the sound of a syllable. And since Beaconsfield as sounded of old is associated with BURKE, it is as well that a new enunciation should be invented for the title of Mr. DISRAELI. Among his near associates his will is always followed. In society the pronunciation varies. On the platform in Mid-Lothian last November Mr. GLADSTONE invariably pronounced Beeconsfield."

—ANTHONY DE COSTA, of Fairhaven, Massachusetts, owns an interesting old document—a deed from King PHILIP of Mount Hope, Chief Sachem of the Pokanankett tribe of Indians, conveying West's Island, in the township of Dartmouth (now Fairhaven), to JOHN COOKE, his heirs and assigns forever. Part of the deed (which is engrossed upon vellum, and the writing legible) has been cut off, so that the amount of land conveyed or consideration received can not be ascertained. The deed was read in open court at Plymouth, Massachusetts, on the 28th of August, 1666, and has attached the "mark" of PHILIP and other Indians.

—The first summer cottage built in Newport was in 1838, and is the house now standing opposite the Ocean House. It was built by Mr. GEORGE JONES, of Savannah, who paid $6700 for the lot. DAVID SEARS, of Boston, GEORGE BANCROFT, H. A. MIDDLETON, of South Carolina, and ALBERT SUMNER, brother of CHARLES SUMNER, were among the first summer residents.

—The Earl of Dunraven says the Red Indian will be remembered by two things at least—the birch-bark canoe, which no production of the white man can equal for strength, lightness, gracefulness, sea-going qualities, and carrying capacity; and the snow-shoe, which appears to be perfect in its form, and, like a violin, incapable of improvement.

—Some of the interior arrangements of the dwelling of Mr. ZAMACONA, the Mexican Minister to our government, are more striking than perhaps those of any other in the country. The Minister rents two adjoining houses, and has walled in, roofed, and floored the gardens behind them in one immense room, preserving the trees that grew there, and building rock and fern-work round their base. The whole of the lower end of this place is filled by a vast painting, the work of an accomplished artist, an *attaché* of the Legation, so that one entering the drawing-room, and looking down the long vista, seems to be gazing on the enchanting valley of Mexico pictured there with its gardens and snowy mountain peaks. Mr. ZAMACONA, although spoken of as a possible candidate for the Mexican Presidency, prefers his present position, on account of the advantages it affords his family, the members of which are all interesting and superior people, giving an example to everybody in our diplomatic service by speaking with fluency the language of the land they visit.

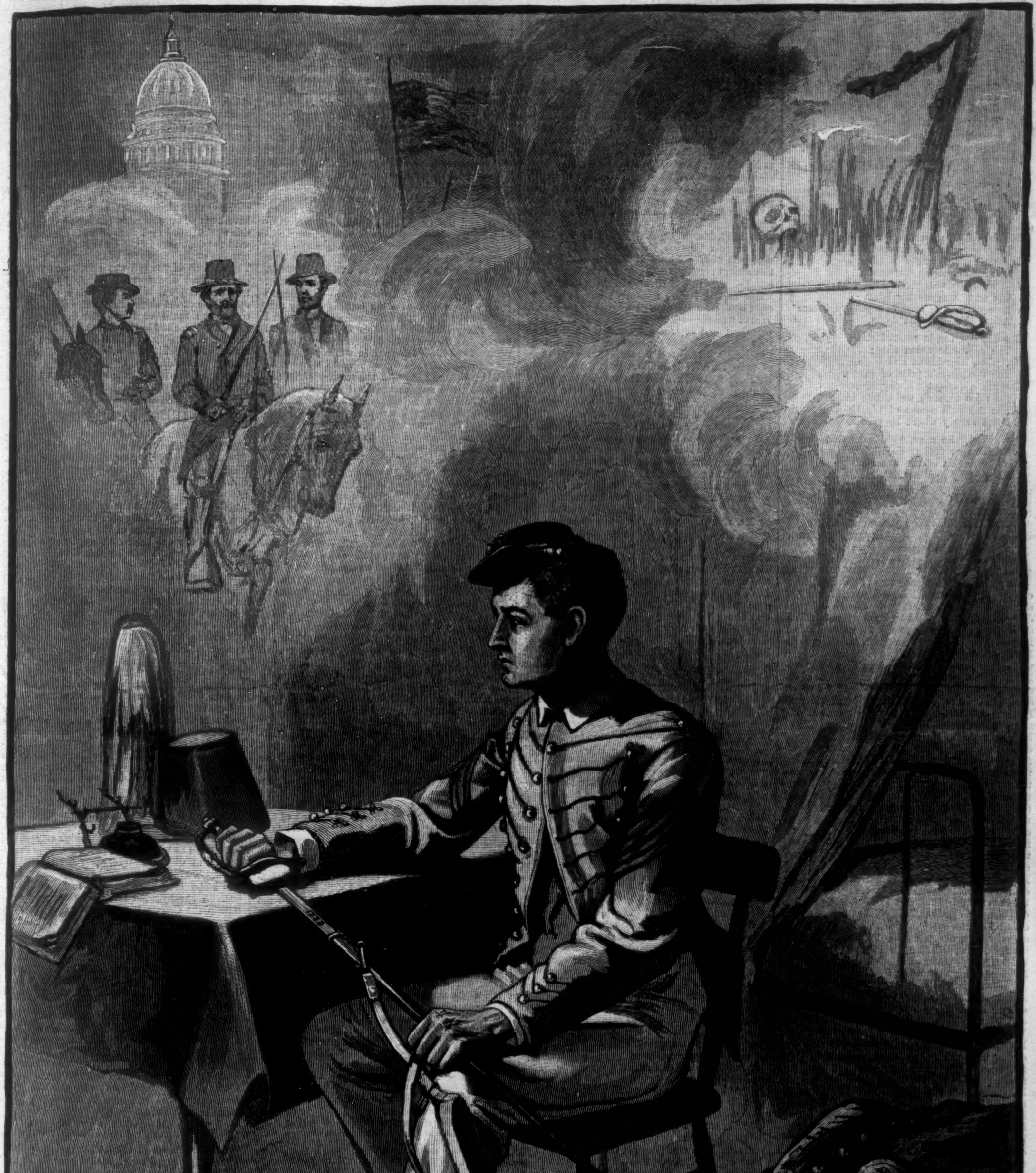
—The new secretary of legation who, in Baron BLANC's absence, acts as the Italian *chargé d'affaires* is the Prince CAMPOREALE. He speaks English, is under thirty, and is unmarried.

—COWPER hated Dr. JOHNSON. "Oh!" said he, after reading his life, "I could thrash his old jacket till I made his pension jingle in his pocket!"

—Prince RUDOLF of Austria, heir to the imperial throne, is said to be of decidedly Bohemian proclivities. He loves to study life in the slums; and he is the reputed author of an English novel entitled *Clelia*, in which there is a good deal of caustic wit and characterization.

—The novelist "Ouida" is thus described in the San Francisco *Chronicle* by a writer living in Florence: "Every few days there may be seen driving along the Lung' Arno or in the Cascine, and sometimes on foot in the Via Fornabuoni, on her way to the banker's, a rather stout, plain-faced, though in some way striking, woman, with plenty of yellow hair, and a hard, defiant manner. She is very well known, for a great many hats are doffed to her, and she returns the salutations with a stern, freezing little nod, as if she begrudged even this. She is almost always alone; She rarely encourages anybody to talk to her; she appears to despise people generally, and, from continual despising, a habitual expression of cynicism has settled upon her by no means handsome visage. Her attire is simple to soberness, black or some dark color usually predominating. Her villa, some three miles from the city, is embowered in shrubbery and flowers. She shows much love of nature, animate and inanimate, but she does not include human nature in her love. She surrounds herself with flowers and plants, and keeps a number of dogs and horses, of which she makes great pets. They are as fond of her as she is of them, and they appear to understand her entirely. She claims that she can hold conversation with them, and that animals have souls as well as men, using souls in a philosophic sense, for she has no faith whatever in the theologic notion of souls. She has a regular reception day, when she has many callers, both Italians and English. They visit her, it is said, to keep on good terms with her, for everybody is afraid, not of her tongue, but of her pen, which she uses with the most formidable freedom. She has long been in the habit of introducing her acquaintances in her novels."

OLD AND NEW DORCHESTER.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 406.]



"THE LAST NIGHT IN GRAY."—DRAWN BY J. F. KELLY.—[SEE POEM, PAGE 406.]

THE LAST NIGHT IN GRAY.

[See Illustration on Page 405.]

His graduate hours at last are done,
  And praise, like rich aroma,
Has made their memory halcyon
  With plaudit and diploma.
His thoughts are toward the future set,
  And now, as night advances,
He broods, the ambitious young cadet,
  O'er fate's conflicting chances.

He notes the new sword on his knee,
  And dreams, while none may heed him,
Of where, in silent years to be,
  Its bloodless blade shall lead him;
Till soon, from realms of fancy drawn
  By delicate gradations,
Two differing visions vaguely dawn
  Among his meditations.

One is a field whose tracks recall
  How war has whirled and shattered
The wild grim residue of all
  Its ghastly anger shattered.
And here the watchful soldier sees
  His own form starkly lying,
Where moves the twilight's pensive breeze
  Above the dead and dying.

But happier far, in martial state,
  The next fair vision rises:
He gains, triumphant and elate,
  The conqueror's prize of prizes.
Beneath a radiant mid-day sun,
  He rides through welcoming masses,
While the pale domes of Washington
  Loom stately where he passes.

"O sword," he cries, with looks that glow,
  With eager speech disjointed,
"Which vision of the two shall grow
  My destiny appointed?"....
Ah, longing soul, you vainly wait
  For portent or suggestion:
Your future in the sheath of fate
  Lies like the sword you question.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

ANCIENT DORCHESTER.

As an independent permanent settlement, Dorchester, in the State of Massachusetts, ranks third among New England towns. It was founded June 17, 1630, and the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the event has just been celebrated. Plymouth is the oldest settlement, dating from 1620, and Salem second, dating from 1628. There were other settlements contemporary with or earlier than these, but they were desultory in character and feeble in numbers, and proved to be short-lived. That tract of the wilderness by the Indians called Mattapan worthily received the name of Dorchester—a name that might well have been assumed by the pioneers of the Massachusetts Bay Colony in preference even to the peaceful and Scriptural one of Salem. The transatlantic beginnings of the Bay Colony cluster about the name of Dorchester. The Rev. JOHN WHITE, rector of Trinity Church, in Dorchester, England (born in 1574, died in 1648), honored by his contemporaries as "the patriarch of Dorchester"—a title fondly bestowed in recognition of his eminence both in the civic and the Church affairs of that town and vicinage—is not less known to fame as "the father of the Massachusetts Bay Colony." In the year 1606 King JAMES I. granted all the continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, between the thirty-fourth and forty-fifth parallels of latitude, to two companies, the southern part, called Virginia, to certain merchants of London, organized as the "London Company," and the northern part, called New England, to certain knights, gentlemen, and merchants in the west of England, known as the "Plymouth Company." At a later date, November, 1620, the latter was reorganized as the Council of Plymouth. Dorchester is an inland town in the southwest part of England, eight miles from the nearest sea-port, Weymouth, and seventy-five miles from Plymouth. Dorchester furnished numbers of those who at an early period made voyages to New England for fishing and trade, and they were often several months on the coast without opportunity for religious worship and instruction. Mr. WHITE interested himself with the ship-owners to establish a settlement, where the mariners might have a home when not at sea, and where they might be brought under religious influences. The result of these conferences with the ship-owners was the formation of a joint-stock association with a capital of £3000. It took the name of "The Dorchester Adventurers," and of it JOHN WHITE was a member.

Although he did not at any time sever his connection with the Church of England, he was in full sympathy with the oppressed Nonconformists of the epoch now in view. He assisted them in various ways, and especially in promoting their emigration to New England, where, aiming at its early settlement, the king had agreed to tolerate them, and where, apprehending that persecution in England might be carried to an extreme not yet experienced, the leading spirits among the Nonconformists had already forecast for themselves and their children a refuge—a land of promise separated from that of the oppressor by no narrow sea, but the illimitable ocean. Nor were the sympathies of JOHN WHITE limited to those who claimed to be of the Church of England while refusing to conform to its ritual. His love went forth for the oppressed Separatists also. He interested himself in the movement which resulted in the emigration of the "Pilgrims" to Plymouth in 1620. He made pecuniary contributions in furtherance of it, and his name stands first on the official list of adventurers in that expedition, although he did not sail with it.

The company of Dorchester Adventurers turned its attention to the spot on Cape Ann where Gloucester now stands, and in 1624 a small party of fishermen and planters was there settled, ROGER CONANT, one of the "Pilgrims" of Plymouth Colony, being appointed their overseer. The business did not thrive, and in 1626 the place was abandoned, and CONANT and a few of his men removed to a point, nearer the head of the bay, called by the natives Naumkeag, now Salem. From this place letters expressing discontent were sent to England. Appreciating the importance in the prosecution of his enterprise of holding a point once gained, and having full confidence in the devotedness of CONANT to the cause of freedom of worship, WHITE wrote to him giving his personal promise that if CONANT and his men would stay at Naumkeag, he would provide a patent or land grant for them, and likewise send them whatever they should write for, either men, or provisions, or goods wherewith to trade with the Indians. In response to this CONANT and his men agreed to remain.

In 1627, March 19, the Council of Plymouth sold to "six persons living about Dorchester" that part of New England lying between a point three miles north of the Merrimac and three miles south of the Charles River, and extending at that width to the Pacific Ocean. Three of the six soon became doubtful of the enterprise, and Mr. WHITE "managed a treaty" between the original patentees and certain gentlemen of London, so that the bargain was consummated. Among the purchasers under this arrangement were three of the six who "lived about Dorchester," namely, JOHN ENDICOTT, JOHN HUMPHREY, and SIMON WHETCOMB. ENDICOTT was at once sent with a small company to Naumkeag, and thus was in part fulfilled WHITE's promise to CONANT. The patent thus purchased of the Council of Plymouth gave good title to the land, but no power of government. A royal charter was obtained March 4, 1628, and on May 11, 1629, in further fulfillment of the promise to CONANT, three ships sailed for Naumkeag with 300 colonists, and two ministers, Messrs. HIGGINSON and SKELTON, both of whom had been selected for the undertaking by Mr. WHITE. One of these ships was entirely taken up by passengers from Weymouth and Dorchester. On June 28, 1629, JOHN WINTHROP, afterward Governor of Massachusetts Colony, and THOMAS DUDLEY, afterward Lieutenant-Governor, and other gentlemen of wealth residing in or near London, proposed to join the company thus organized under the inspiration of JOHN WHITE, and remove to New England, on condition that the patent and charter should remove with them. Certain doubts as to the legality of this transfer having been overcome, it was determined, August 29, 1629, that the government and the patent should be settled in New England, and, October 20, 1629, an organization was effected by the choice of WINTHROP as Governor and DUDLEY as Lieutenant-Governor, and among the Governor's assistants chosen were ENDICOTT, HUMPHREY, and WHETCOMB, above named, and ROGER LUDLOW and EDWARD ROSSETER. LUDLOW's residence was in Dorchester, and ROSSETER belonged in one of the "west country" towns.

This double re-enforcement to his enterprise—a charter from the hand of the king, and the active participation of a large number of wealthy and influential citizens of London—appears to have been fresh incitement to the indefatigable JOHN WHITE, so that he did not await the movements of WINTHROP and his large company, who were making ready to come over in eleven ships, but beginning in the summer of 1629, he got together in the county of Dorset an emigrating company, nominally of sixty families, but as the event proved of 140 persons. The preliminary work, including the selection of their two ministers, JOHN MAVERICK and JOHN WARHAM, and the organization of their church, at Plymouth, England, March 31, 1630, appears to have been done under WHITE's supervision, and with his personal sanction. He was with them at Plymouth when they were preparing to embark on board the ship *Mary and John*, and preached to them, on the eve of their departure, the last sermon they were to hear in their native land. These people, it is recorded, were to a very great extent, until they had thus met together, personally unknown to each other. They had come from scattered towns and hamlets in Dorsetshire, some of them undoubtedly being from the town of Dorchester. History further relates that they were a carefully selected company, and it is reasonable to infer that non-acquaintance at the start could have been but a slight hinderance to a cordial union based upon a common faith and purpose, and a common baptism of persecution. Two of the Governor's assistants, Messrs. ROSSETER and LUDLOW, joined this company, and sailed with them about a fortnight in advance of the Governor and his fleet. One of the voyagers narrates that "the great ship came through the deeps comfortably," and after a voyage of seventy days reached the entrance of what is now Boston Harbor May 30, 1630. By June 17 they had established their abode at the place called Mattapan, but to which, in the words of a chronicler of the event, they, "in affectionate remembrance of JOHN WHITE," gave the name of Dorchester.

This tract of the wilderness, having a frontage of about three miles on the waters of the harbor, expanded as it stretched into the interior. By the original allotment and that of 1636 it extended about thirty-five miles, to within 160 rods of what is now the line of the State of Rhode Island, and included the present towns of Milton, Stoughton, Canton, Sharon, and Foxborough, and parts of Wrentham, Dedham, Quincy, and Hyde Park. During the first few years, or up to 1635, Dorchester was the wealthiest town in the colony. In 1633 it was assessed at £80, while Boston, Roxbury, Cambridge, Charlestown, and Watertown were assessed at £48 each, and Salem £28, and for a long period it had precedency over all other towns in civic assemblies, military musters, etc. Up to 1870 it maintained a corporate identity. This it lost in being merged in the city of Boston, where it is now known as the "Dorchester District."

Dorchester is not wanting in eminent names. It has been the home of three Governors of Massachusetts—WILLIAM STOUGHTON (under the charter), and EDWARD EVERETT and HENRY J. GARDNER in more modern times. EVERETT was a native of the town, and the house in which he was born, and which was the home of his childhood, is still standing, in excellent preservation. JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, whose name in literature is perhaps of equal rank, was also born in Dorchester. Among the men of national fame who trace their lineage to the early settlers of the town occur the names of General ULYSSES S. GRANT, whose ancestor, MATTHEW GRANT, was a passenger in the *Mary and John*, Major-Generals ALFRED H. TERRY and HENRY W. BENHAM and Brigadier-General GEORGE C. STRONG, of the United States army, and the Hon. E. W. STOUGHTON, late Minister to Russia. Doubtless there are many others worthy of mention. Though possessed of many natural attractions, and, judged by the New England standards, of a soil of excellent fertility, Dorchester has proved, like many another hamlet of the forefathers, "a good place to emigrate from." It is deemed a low estimate to say that 300,000 persons within the limits of the United States may look back to this as their ancestral home. As early as 1636 a very important movement of the kind occurred, in which a considerable number of the original settlers removed to Connecticut, and founded the town of Windsor. In 1695 there was another and smaller emigration, this time to South Carolina. The inspiration of this movement was the spread of the Gospel; and it is recorded of this company, in the published volume of the history of Dorchester, that on the 5th of December of that year "the first missionaries that ever left the soil of New England were offering up their evening prayers from the decks of two small vessels on the bosom of the Atlantic." This company founded, first, Dorchester, in South Carolina; and fifty-seven years afterward, then having increased to the number of 816 persons, they removed to a more salubrious spot within the colonial limits of Georgia, giving to the new town the name of Midway. And it is certain that from a very early date there have been every year, in varying numbers, removals from ancient Dorchester of the forefathers to other places, near or distant.

It is not within the scope of this article to trace the progress of the original settlement. Having indicated the dignity of its antecedents, the renown of its name in the history of Puritan colonization, that its immediate founders were protégés of the father of the Bay Colony, that in the list of New England towns it is among the few most ancient, and that in other respects it is in the first rank, there only remains to be added a word in reference to the illustrations. The artist has restricted himself to the historical field. Excepting possibly a single old mansion, the most ancient out-door relics of the settlement are the grave-stones of the old cemetery, which was laid out by a vote of the town in November, 1633, and which contains, so far as is known, the oldest memorial of the kind to be found within the limits of the United States. The original stone of earliest date exists but as a fragment. When it crumbled and broke, eighty or ninety years ago, some one, moved by the spirit of "Old Mortality," caused another, with a duplicate inscription, to be erected. It marks the resting-place of BARNARD CAPEN, who died in 1638. The largest fragment of the old stone has been saved, and from it our artist made his drawing. The next in date—and this occupies its original place in the cemetery—is of the year 1644. Later, but not less quaint, is that which marks the grave of JOHN FOSTER, which is also herewith reproduced. The design upon it seems to symbolize the triumph of faith over death and the vicissitudes of time. FOSTER was a mathematician and astronomer, and a calculator and publisher of almanacs. The Latin epitaph was undoubtedly written by the Rev. Dr. INCREASE MATHER, a native of Dorchester, and in 1681 president of Harvard College. It reads thus:

> Astra colis vivens, moriens super æthera FOSTER,
> Scande precor; cœlum metiri disce supremum.
> Metior atque meum est emit mihi dives Jesus:
> Nec teneor quicquam nisi grates solvere.

Or, in translation:

> Living thou studiest the stars, dying ascend above the firmament, O FOSTER, I pray; learn to measure the highest heaven. I do measure it, and mine it is; Jesus, the infinitely rich, purchases it for me, and to pay the debt of gratitude I hold to be the most sacred obligation.

The old church represented was the predecessor of that now occupied by the First Parish, and stood nearly upon the same spot. It may, strictly speaking, be called the last "meeting-house" of old Dorchester. Meetings for general purposes and the transaction of town affairs were held within it, as well as those for the services of Sunday and lecture-day. It was dedicated in 1744, and ceased to be used in 1816. Under its roof the debates were conducted and the votes passed embodying the patriotic town action of the Revolutionary epoch. It was taken down in the year 1817. Few now living remember it as it stood, and but few comparatively have beheld its pictured lineaments. There is one relic of it yet visible, the old vane, which at the time of the demolition was removed to "the deacon's barn," where it still swings responsive to the vacillating breezes, at the age of 136 years. The two old mansions which appear at the top of the page were built by the first settlers of the town, about the year 1640. The MINOT house still exists as a ruin near the southerly boundary of Dorchester. It was built for Elder GEORGE MINOT. The other was originally the house of NICHOLAS and EDWARD CLAPP, and up to a recent date stood at the northerly verge of the town, upon a spot commanding, as is indicated in the sketch, a distant view of Boston, and a nearer one of Dorchester Heights. The central picture indicates the scene and circumstances of the landing of Captain JOHN SMITH, of Virginia fame, at a promontory in Dorchester now called Savin Hill. The date of this landing was 1614. The purpose of SMITH was to explore the coast with a view to making an outline map of New England, and incidentally to trade with the Indians.

The remaining sketch shows the Heights close at hand. The point of view is the southerly shore of a shallow bay called Old Harbor. It is a harbor only for small craft, but it got its name two hundred and fifty years ago, as it was the haven into which the first settlers came in their boats from "the great ship," which lay at anchor at Nantasket, eight or nine miles distant. Upon the further shore, at the foot of the Heights, the landing was made. Had there been, as at Plymouth, a rock for the Pilgrims to step upon, it also would have been of imperishable renown; but the next tide washed away their foot-prints in the sand, and with the departure of the earliest generations all memory of the exact spot of the landing was lost. The summit of the hill was seized and fortified one hundred and forty-six years later by the troops of General WASHINGTON as a part of the operations of the siege of Boston, and it then received the name of Dorchester Heights. The movement resulted in the first victory of the Revolution, compelling the British forces to retire from Boston. The place has thus been made doubly venerable, first by the footsteps of the pious forefathers, and later by the triumph of the patriot army.

SOME IRISH SUPERSTITIONS.

THE greater number of superstitions regarding animals, so common in all parts of Ireland, like those of France, Germany, Denmark, and Sweden, relate to the part played by the brute creation during Christ's life on earth. It is generally supposed that these stories had their origin in pagan times, and that the early Christian teachers, despairing of being able to eradicate the superstitious observances of the people, thought fit to divert them to their own use, and rebaptized the ancient myths and legends. The reader of Farrar's *Life of Christ* will remember the extracts given from the Apocryphal Gospels, which relate how the ox and the ass in the stable knelt in adoration at the Saviour's birth. To this old tradition, and to the fact that the ass's colt was ridden by Christ, and has the mark of a cross upon its back, may be traced the esteem in which the ass is held throughout Ireland. The people consider it lucky to have one of these animals to graze in the field with their cattle, thinking its presence a protection from witch or fairy. The Roman Catholic peasantry of the County Donegal gravely assure you that every ass falls upon its knees at midnight on Christmas-eve and brays three times; and many of them are ready to swear that this is certainly the case, they having remained awake until the holy hour on purpose to see and hear it for themselves. In Derry, Antrim, and Tyrone the people say that all the animals in the stable do the same. The reader will be reminded of the Breton legend that the ox and ass receive the gift of speech for the space of an hour upon Christmas-eve.

The cock is also held in very high esteem, and is believed to be well aware of the reason for rejoicing at Christmas-tide, since for nine nights at that season he crows all night long. Nor is this belief altogether confined to Roman Catholics. A Presbyterian family in Carrigans, a village in the County Donegal, had some years ago a hen so piously disposed that she imitated her crested spouse, and crowed loudly on Christmas-eve. Now as the crowing of a hen is at all other times considered a most unlucky omen, the mistress of the house exclaimed in consternation from her bed, "Whisht, you villain of a bird! Just wait till to-morrow, an' I'll wring your unlucky neck."

"'Deed you will not!" cried the master. "You'll no stir thon hen, for she has more wit nor many a Christian."

So the crowing hen lived on; but had she happened to crow at any other time than Christmas-eve, she would have been thought the herald of death or misfortune to the family, and would have met with a speedy end. Everybody in Ulster knows the old saying,

> "A whistling maid and a crowing hen
> Was never good in one town end."

In the summer of 1798, when society in Ulster was completely disorganized, a poor woman, too weary to go farther, was set down, with her baby and a large trunk, at the inn door. A night's lodging was requested, and the tired traveller placed herself by the fireside while supper was being prepared. Evil-looking men moved about the room, and she saw them cast many glances at her trunk, which was unusually large for a poor woman to possess. A good deal of whispering in Irish took place, which she, being a Derry woman, could not understand; but the host, as he sharpened knives upon the board, seemed to nod toward her in a threatening manner. A cock just then strutted up to her, plucked her dress with his beak, and crowed loudly.

"Wring his neck, the villain!" said the host to the servant-girl.

The bird flew up to the rafters, out of harm's way; but as soon as the commotion was over, he came down again, and once more crowed and plucked the traveller's gown. Much alarmed, the poor woman rose up, and said, as calmly as she could, "I'll go a wee piece along the road to look about me. Please take care o' my trunk, an' I'll be back before the supper's ready."

No one attempting to detain her, she left the inn with her child. Walking quietly until out of sight of the black lake and gaunt firs, she began to run wildly along the road toward the gap. A party of yeomanry met her when she was almost exhausted, and to them she told her story. It

was a time when all houses were liable to be entered and examined. The inn was thoroughly searched; papers were found implicating the host in the rebellion; and human remains, as well as clothing, silver, and other valuables, discovered on the premises, showed that travellers had been made away with there. The woman was conducted to her destination by the yeomanry, and did not return to Derry until the troublous times were over. She lived to tell her great-grandchildren how the cock had saved her life.

In Cork and Kerry the crowing of a cock at night is thought to give notice that a ghost is in the house, and then whoever is still afoot hurries to bed in trepidation, and draws the blanket over his head.

The

> "Little inmate full of mirth,
> Chirping on my kitchen hearth,"

is regarded by the peasantry of all races—Celts, semi-Scotch, and descendants of the English settlers—with superstitious interest. It is described in Ulster as "a gentle wee thing," the word "gentle" always meaning of fairy origin. It is thought to be very lucky when crickets come to a house, and very unlucky when they leave it, and it is considered a dangerous thing to kill them. The writer of this article saw her cook stoop to examine something on the kitchen floor the other day, and on asking what it might be, received the following answer:

"It's a cricket, miss; I thought it was a clock [*i. e.*, black beetle], an' I was very near putting my foot on it. I'm sure I'm glad I did not, for if I had killed it, the other crickets wouldna ha' left one stitch o' my clothes that they wouldna ha' cut holes in."

This idea about the revengeful feelings of the crickets is universal, and is not confined to any race or religion; but how it originated we are unable to discover.

The weasel is accredited with the same revengeful feelings as the cricket, and the people are most unwilling to kill one, lest all the weasels in the country should track out the murderer, and avenge the death of their comrade by cutting his throat. A ploughman came from his work in much agitation one evening, and on his master inquiring what was the matter, he replied:

"I killed a weasel in the fairy field, your honor, and two other weasels has been chasing me up an' down the furrows all day, trying to get at me. Dear, dear, but I had the luck!"

"What folly is this, Martin?"

"I beg your honor's pardon, but it's allowed that weasels 'll pursue you to cut your throat if you kill one o' them; an' there was a granduncle o' my own killed a weasel, an' the next day he lay down by the road-side—"

"Well, Martin?"

"Well, sir, he fell asleep, an' he was found dead an' bleeding, wi' dozens o' weasels swarming over him!"

The idea that a newt is on the watch to creep down the throat of any person who happens to fall asleep out-of-doors, so prevalent in Ireland, has given rise to many strange stories. A turf-cutter in the County Antrim is said to have been afflicted with the company of a newt for several months. He had been so foolish as to sleep in the bog one warm summer day. The reptile proving a most uncomfortable inmate, he applied to a country doctress for a cure. The old woman advised him to eat largely of salt herring, which would have the effect of making his disagreeable guest so intolerably thirsty that it would have to come up to drink.

"Lie down," she concluded, "fornenst the river, wi' yer mouth open, an' yer troubles 'll soon be over."

He obeyed strictly, while a crowd of anxious neighbors kept watch at a little distance, when, *mirabile dictu*, they saw a full-grown newt, followed by seven little ones, issue from his mouth, and hasten down to the stream to drink! Of course the patient beat a rapid retreat.

This little reptile, regarded with so much fear and dislike, has, however, its own use in the world. Any one who catches it, holds it by its feet, and licks its back three times from the head to the tail, will be able henceforth to cure all burns and scalds, if he apply his tongue to them immediately after they have been received, before the blisters have begun to rise.

JOHN BROUGHAM.

THE bereavement which the stage has suffered in the death of JOHN BROUGHAM is also the bereavement of society, for BROUGHAM was one of those exceptional men who, while leading an intellectual life, devoted to art and its ambitious and engrossing labors, are at the same time able to win the heart of their generation, and make themselves the chosen comrades and cherished friends of the public. He was very widely known; he was much and sincerely beloved; and at many a hearth-stone throughout the land the news of his death has been felt with a sense of personal loss. There was great force of character, singular beauty of spirit, and most versatile, engaging, sustained industry to cause this feeling and to justify it. In life JOHN BROUGHAM deserved his fame; in death he merits every tear that has been shed for him, and every kind and honoring word that can be spoken for his memory.

In the life of a man of letters, who is also an actor and a theatrical manager, there is room for much vicissitude. BROUGHAM was each of these; and as he possessed prodigious vigor, much eccentricity of character, and a sunshiny, yielding, drifting temperament, his life naturally exhibited a surprising plenitude of incident and change. He was born May 9, 1810, at Dublin, Ireland, and he died June 7, 1880, in New York, in the seventy-first year of his age. His youth was passed at home, and he received a good education. He was at Trinity College, in his native city, and he walked St. Peter's Hospital there, and it was intended that he should be a surgeon; but the rich uncle whose favorite he was, and from whom he had been taught to expect an inheritance of wealth, fell into poverty, and so the youth was forced to change all his plans of life, and to seek his fortune in new channels. He went to London, and became an actor, appearing at a little theatre in Tottenham Street, in July, 1830, in the rough old play of *Tom and Jerry*. From that time onward he never left the stage. For half a century he was an actor and a writer of plays. He came to America in 1842; remained here till the autumn of 1860, when he returned to London; came back to New York in the autumn of 1865, and never afterward quitted this country.

At intervals within the last two or three years BROUGHAM has been engaged in writing an autobiography, and this as a fragment probably will be published. His talk of old times was always deeply interesting, full of anecdote, and various with sketches of character, witty comment, and professional learning. His recollections extended back to the days of VESTRIS, at the London Olympic, and afterward at Covent Garden. He had seen MURDEN and LISTON and many another worthy of the old school. He knew CHARLES MATHEWS in his youth, and could have traced the whole growth of that sparkling mind and vigorous career which in our day became so famous. The first play that he wrote—it was in 1831—was a burlesque for BURTON, then acting in London. He saw the incidents which attended Sir WALTER SCOTT'S last sad journey through London, when that intellectual giant was forced to pause there as he was going home to die. He was familiar with the last days of CAMPBELL and ROGERS, and contemporary with the opening careers of both DICKENS and THACKERAY. He was the comrade of DION BOUCICAULT when that author was little more than a boy, and he aided him in the composition of the comedy of *London Assurance*. His memories of the KEMBLES and the KEANS were perfectly distinct, and his descriptions of MACREADY and of CHARLES KEAN in particular—with both of whom he had acted, and for both of whom he had managed the stage—were remarkably vivid, richly humorous, and not a little pungent with wholesome ridicule. To hear his account of a performance by CHARLES KEAN, with all the people about the stage shod in list slippers, was to realize a most truthful and instructive picture, and to enjoy a complete exhilaration. He possessed an unerring faculty of mimicry; and as he said, "You take my life when you do take the beans whereby I live," the listener heard again the living voice of CHARLES KEAN. In felicity of theatrical anecdote there has been no one like him here since GEORGE JAMIESON and JOHN SEFTON, and in this matter of simulation of unconsciously comic attributes he has scarcely left an equal among actors, unless, perhaps, it be CHANFRAU.

On the American stage he has been an important and prominent figure since 1842, when he came forth at the old Park Theatre as Tim Moore, in *The Irish Lion*, one of the strong characters of the brilliant TYRONE POWER. He was at different periods associated with BURTON, for whose stage he wrote many plays, and with whom he acted in various versions of the works of DICKENS. He opened "Brougham's Lyceum" in 1850; managed the Bowery Theatre in 1856; acted for many seasons at Wallack's; made starring tours of the country; opened "Brougham's Theatre," in Twenty-fourth Street, in 1869; edited a bright paper called *The Lantern*; published *A Basket of Chips* and *The Bunsby Papers*; wrote plays for many of the popular stars of his profession; associated himself with the stock companies managed by DALY and by BOUCICAULT; and to the very last kept busily at work, dying, as he had lived, in harness. His last play, finished about last Easter, was called *Home Rule*, and was designed to exhibit the present social and political condition of Ireland, and to suggest the remedy for some of the evils which afflict that country. BROUGHAM was an Irishman, though of French descent, and he loved his native land, and always desired and strove to promote the welfare of his people.

Of the brilliant attributes of his mind, the charm of his character, the immense vital force that he brought to bear upon his work, and the wholesome influence that he exercised upon society, it would be difficult to speak with too much admiration. He was the author of over seventy-five dramatic pieces of all kinds, and many of them, by their sterling qualities of invention, movement, character, poetry, style, humor, and pathos, will long endure in literature, to testify to the solidity and sparkle of his intellectual powers. His comedies of *Playing with Fire*, *Romance and Reality*, *The Ruling Passion*, and *The Game of Life*, are among the most ingenious and brightly written of modern works of their class. His melodramas of *O'Donnell's Mission* and *The Emerald Ring* are pieces of marked originality, exciting interest, and highly picturesque stage effect. His *Lily of France*—a dramatic exposition of the story of Joan of Arc—is fraught with the imaginative glow and the soft romantic glamour of a true poem. His burlesques of *Pocahontas* and *Columbus* are wildly droll, exuberant in animal spirits, and—especially the latter—remarkable for melodious eloquence. He touched many styles, but, as JOHNSON said of GOLDSMITH, he touched nothing that he did not adorn. There was a vast sincerity in all his acts and labors. Although he lived in the library, and maintained and cherished a very high ideal of what the literary artist should strive to accomplish, he had none of the erudite prosiness nor the exclusive isolation of the abstract scholar; he lived also in the world, and with the life of his time. He clasped the hands of men and women; he spoke to their hearts; he was interested in their fortunes; "their welfare pleased him, and their cares distrest;" and wherever he went, he carried the benediction of good deeds, and left the sunshine of love and laughter. The multitudes who have heard his off-hand speeches before the curtain will often call to mind what a ring of genuine kindness there was in his voice, what a light of sweetness there was in his face, what a glow of animal spirits he diffused around him, what a winning ideal of manliness he suggested, with his native elegance of bearing, and the breezy heartiness and joyous dash of his manners. The men who were brought near to him in the business of life will never forget his thoughtful consideration, his delicate courtesy, his simple goodness. The poor had cause to bless him, though himself was poor. As he lay in his coffin, his noble face, grand in the awful serenity of death, was like the face of SHAKSPEARE. The light, the merriment, the trouble, the pain, were all gone, and nothing but the majesty remained; and looking on him there, I thought of SHAKSPEARE'S words:

> "Our cause of sorrow
> Must not be measured by his worth, for then
> It hath no end."

WILLIAM WINTER.

BEAUTIFUL GENOA.

GENOA is the nearest approach to a human ant-hill that it is possible to conceive. From the streets of silent gloomy palaces, with their mouldy, time-stained, damp entrances and carved marble pillars piteously telling the story of the dead glorious past, black with hurrying forms—women in delicate lace veils, with silver-clasped prayer-books, some carrying bunches of camellias to present to a favorite saint, others leading children by the hand; *contadine* in bright orange handkerchiefs (their favorite color); men walking to their business in mart and counting-house; down the dim cool lanes, bounded by a strip of bright blue sky, and seemingly ending in a peak; up crooked steep stairs, looking as if they led straight to heaven; round sharp corners, from which you reach a fresh vista of narrow streets and over-hanging balconies and queer odds and ends of houses, stuck in anyhow and brightened with little square basement holes serving for shops—all and everywhere is seething and crowded with life. From every window hang rags and clothes of all colors, sizes, and shapes; on every door-step play and squat children; while patient, bell-hung, red-tasselled mules elbow the passers into narrow angles, and squeeze them flat up against walls.

Down near the harbor is the busiest life of all. There, as bales and sacks and casks are flung, rolled, and carried on to the wharf, ruddy, sun-tanned, athletic fellows swarm in and out under the vaulted arches, or sit in little under-ground cleanly restaurants, where the smoking *fritture* and savory omelettes are cooked before their eyes, or rapidly devoured by hungry appetites, and the houses are more tumble-down and more crowded together, and the rags more plentiful, and the children more clamorous and dirty, till the noise, and the heat, and the vivid contrasts of light and shade, and the bright gaudy hues of color, seem to blend in one great Oriental nightmare of sun-steeped brilliancy. Then penetrate up narrower and steeper and more-closed-in lanes, to more quiet, out-of-the-way churches, around whose shaded aisles the scent of incense clings, where a ray of golden glory lights on the marbles, and where more masses are being huskily chanted, and more bending figures are kneeling about, and little wax tapers twinkle feebly in the distance, and you may know something of the charm of Genoa: the charm of a finished coquette whose every moment is a surprise, who is never dull, never insipid, always pricking you into motion, full of warm passionate blood, whose very heart-beat thrills through you, and fills you with a kind of strange and exciting emotion.

Then, if you like, when you are saturated with the spirit of the place, when you have feasted your eyes on the blue distant hills and the glassy sea, on whose green waters float little cockle-shells with very white or very brown sails, you may do the tourist, and examine Christopher Columbus's letters or Paganini's fiddle; or visit the Zoological Garden, consisting of a mangy peacock, and a lion in a small cage, out of which he always protrudes a paw; or walk in the Acqua Sola promenade, where the most gayly dressed of nurses, in tartan ribbons and silver pins, air the most befrilled of babies, and one solitary stepper is being trotted round and round in a very small dog-cart, till the horse is steaming and foaming, and the inmates of the carriage inclined to feel rather seasick. Then, and only then, are you competent to form an opinion as to the attraction of Genoa. And if you can not realize it, you must have an eye insensible to color, form, and beauty, and an imagination singularly sluggish and unimpressible.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE gentleman who had been off for a fishing excursion, and sent a paragraph to the local paper saying that "Mr. Jones has sent home a fine mess of 'speckled beauties,'" could not account for the warm reception from his wife until he read that "Mr. Jones had been fined and sent home for a mess with some freckled beauties." And then he went for the newspaper man with a rod.

"It's a good thing to have a handsome penman for a beau," said Mary, as she glanced over a *billet-doux*. "Yes," replied Julia; "if the penman is only handsome, I don't care how homely the penmanship is."

"What a blessing it is," said a hard-working Irishman, "that night niver comes on till late in the day, whin a man is tired, and can't work any at all at all!"

MAUD (*an aristocratic child*). "How pretty and clever you are, mother! I'm so glad you married into our family!"

"What do you suppose I'll look like when I get out of this?" indignantly inquired a fashionably dressed young lady of a conductor of a fearfully overcrowded street car the other day. "A good deal like crushed sugar, miss," said the ticket-puncher. And the lady stood up and rode four blocks further, with the smile of an angel.

GUEST. "How comes this dead fly in my soup?"

WAITER. "In fact, sir, I have no positive idea how the poor thing came to its death. Perhaps it had not taken any food for a long time, dashed upon the soup, ate too much of it, and contracted an inflammation of the stomach that brought on death. The fly must have a very weak constitution, for when I served the soup it was dancing merrily on the surface. Perhaps—and the idea presents itself only at this moment—it endeavored to swallow too large a piece of vegetable; this remaining fast in its throat, caused a choking in the windpipe. This is the only reason I could give for the death of the insect."

"And, oh, Edward," said the girl he was going to leave behind him, "at every stopping-place be sure you write, then go ahead."

A Philadelphia antiquarian who married a young widow says she is the most interesting relict he has ever found.

Marriage makes the man; the woman was maid before.

A Chicago reporter went one afternoon to "do" a cattle fair, and at night to "finish up" a grand ball. The next morning the office was besieged by thirteen enraged husbands, seven big brothers, and dozens of sisters, cousins, and aunts, each holding a copy of the paper, and pointing to this paragraph: "Miss Alice B., a beautiful blonde heifer, cow-bell and diamonds, etc. Miss Nettie C., charming brunette, pink silk and pearls; second prize; short horn. Mrs. Sarah Eliza X., a beautiful matron, arrayed in Durham satin, embroidered in Alderney pin, cow-bell set in diamonds, real lace, and weighing 1039 on the scales; first prize, $500." The rest of the report was similar in style. The doctors' bills of the reporter and editor have not yet been computed.

ONE THING THE CHICAGO CONVENTION HAS BROUGHT ABOUT.

"THANK GOD!"—*New York Sun*, June 9, 1880.

THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT.—[SEE PAGE 410.]

THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.—[SEE PAGE 410.]

AN IDYL SPOILED.

WHY did he pass? She stood beside the gate.
Another hour might only be too late:
This was the one perchance prescribed by Fate.

It was no tryst that they had sworn to keep.
Down toward the valley strayed the lingering sheep;
He followed, and he left her there to weep.

That which was in his heart she could not know;
No choice had she but still to let him go,
Then homeward turn with faltering step and slow.

When up the hill the weary shepherd toiled,
The maid was gone, and his fond purpose foiled,
And all the sweetness of my idyl spoiled.

THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATES.

JAMES A. GARFIELD.

THE man who stands before the country to-day as the candidate of the Republican party for the Presidency has a remarkable history. A little more than thirty years ago no one who saw him as a boy driving on the canal tow-path, or as a laborer at his carpenter's bench, would have supposed that in the next generation he would rise to the supreme distinction that has just been awarded him. And yet every one who knew him in those early days of hard struggling and persistent self-denial felt that he had in him those elements of a sturdy manhood that would lead to sure success in the grand purpose that possessed him to push beyond the ordinary walks of life.

He came of plain New England stock. His father, ABRAHAM GARFIELD, a direct descendant of the stalwart Puritans, moved some sixty years ago from this State to the township of Orange, Cuyahoga County, Ohio (fifteen miles from Cleveland), where JAMES was born on the 19th of November, 1831. Two years later his father died, leaving a family of four children. His mother, a woman of unusual strength of character, managed by her exertions to keep the family together until the boys were old enough to earn their own living. But the land was poor, and it was hard work to get more than a scanty subsistence. Young GARFIELD's life was one of monotonous toil. He worked hard upon the farm in summer, and at the carpenter's bench in winter. The best of it was that he liked to work. There was not a lazy bone in his body.

He had an absorbing ambition to get an education, and the only road open to this end seemed that of manual labor. Ready money was hard to get in those days. The Ohio Canal ran not far from where he lived, and finding that the boatmen got their pay in cash, and earned better wages than he could make at farming or carpentry, he hired out as a driver on the tow-path, and soon got up to the dignity of holding the helm of a boat. Then he determined to ship as a sailor on the lakes, but an attack of fever and ague interfered with his plans. He was ill three months, and when he recovered he decided to go to a school called Geauga Academy, in an adjoining county. His mother gave him a few dollars, some cooking utensils, and a stock of provisions. He hired a small room, and cooked his own food, to make his expenses as light as possible. He paid his own way after that, never calling on his mother for any more assistance. By working at the carpenter's bench mornings and evenings and vacation times, and teaching country schools during the winter, he managed to attend the academy during the spring and fall terms, and to save a little money toward going to college. He had excellent health, a robust frame, and a capital memory, and the attempt to combine mental and physical work, which has broken down many farmer boys ambitious to get an education, did not hurt him.

When he was twenty-three years old he entered the Junior Class at Williams College. He had saved about half enough money to pay the expenses of the course. How to get the rest of the sum needed was a problem. A kind-hearted gentleman, many years his senior, who has ever since been one of his closest friends, loaned him the amount. So scrupulous was the young man about the payment of the debt that he got his life insured, and placed the policy in his creditor's hands. "If I live," he said, "I shall pay you; and if I die, you will suffer no loss." The debt was repaid soon after he graduated. He went to Williams College in the fall of 1854, and, as he had anticipated, passed the examination for the Junior Class. Two years later he graduated, and bore off the metaphysical honor. His classmates remember well his prodigious industry as a student, his physical activity in the college games, and his cordial, hearty, social ways.

Before he went to college, young GARFIELD had been connected with the Western sect of "The Disciples," founded by ALEXANDER CAMPBELL, and whose peculiar tenets were, "no creed to express beliefs," hospitality, fraternity, and good-will. To a struggling college of this sect at Hiram, Portage County, Ohio, GARFIELD was called as an instructor, and after two years he became President. It has often been said that he was at one time a minister. This is not true. The story had a foundation, however, in the fact that he used to speak in the churches of the denomination. The Disciples at that time had no regular paid ministry. They supported travelling elders, but the congregations had no pastors, and were usually addressed by some one among the members who had a natural talent for pulpit oratory. GARFIELD's purpose was to be a lawyer, and he had not swerved from it at the time he used to talk of religion and a future life to the little congregations in the Disciples' meeting-houses in Northern Ohio. He studied law diligently all the while, and was an ardent reader of general literature.

During his connection with the college he was married to Miss LUCRETIA RUDOLPH, the daughter of a farmer. The match was one of love, and brought to the young man a mate of singular sweetness and congeniality of disposition, whose influence, example, and companionship have done much to shape his after-success.

In 1859 his career as College President became merged in that of civic officer, and he was chosen State Senator, representing the two counties of Portage and Summit. Then came the stirring events of the war. Senator GARFIELD had already been singled out as a leader, and he entered the conflict with all the enthusiasm of an ardent Republican, a lover of the Union, and a hater of slavery. His military career was full of brave deeds and arduous service for his country. He went into the war as Colonel of the Forty-second Ohio Volunteers. He first smelled powder in Kentucky, where, after a toilsome march, he routed the rebels under HUMPHREY MARSHALL. Then the Colonel became a Brigadier-General, and took part in the battle of Pittsburg Landing and the siege of Corinth as Chief of Staff of the Army of the Cumberland. In the terrible battle of Chickamauga he had a horse shot under him, and his orderly was killed. Soon afterward, "for gallant and meritorious services," he was promoted to a Major-Generalship.

Before the battle of Chickamauga, he had been elected a Representative to the Thirty-eighth Congress. He took his seat in December, 1863, and was assigned to the Committee on Military Affairs. He stood by his party, and his party stood by him, re-electing him successively to the Thirty-ninth, Fortieth, Forty-first, Forty-second, Forty-third, Forty-fourth, Forty-fifth, and Forty-sixth Congresses. During these several terms he has served as the Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, of the Committee on Banking and Currency, and of the Appropriations Committee. This last chairmanship he held until 1875, when the Democrats came into power. Two years later, when JAMES G. BLAINE went to the Senate, General GARFIELD became by common consent the Republican leader in the House—a position which he has maintained ever since. In January last he was elected to the Senate, to fill the seat of ALLEN G. THURMAN, who retires on the 4th of March next. He received the unanimous vote of the Republican caucus for this position—an honor never conferred before on any man by any party in the State of Ohio.

In person General GARFIELD is six feet high, broad-shouldered, and strongly built. He has an unusually large head that seems to be three-fourths forehead, light brown hair and beard, now touched with gray, large light blue eyes, a prominent nose, and full cheeks. He dresses plainly, is fond of broad-brimmed slouch hats and stout boots, eats heartily, cares nothing for luxurious living, is a great reader of good books on all subjects, is thoroughly temperate in all respects save in that of brain-work, and is devoted to his wife and children. Among men he is genial, approachable, companionable, and a remarkably entertaining talker. His mind is a vast store-house of facts, reminiscences, and anecdotes.

CHESTER A. ARTHUR.

The Republican candidate for the Vice-Presidency is a year older than the leader of his ticket. He was born in Franklin County, Vermont, on the 5th of October, 1830, and is the oldest of a family of two sons and five daughters. His father was the Rev. Dr. WILLIAM ARTHUR, a Baptist clergyman, who emigrated to this country from the County Antrim, Ireland, in his eighteenth year, and died in 1875, in Newtonville, near Albany, after a long and successful ministry.

Young ARTHUR was educated at Union College, Schenectady, where he excelled in all his studies. After his graduation he taught a country school in Vermont for two years, and at the expiration of that time came to New York, with $500 in his pocket, and entered the office of Ex-Judge E. D. CULVER as a student. After being admitted to the bar he formed a partnership with his intimate friend and room-mate HENRY D. GARDINER, with the intention of practicing in the West, and for three months they roamed about in the Western States in search of an eligible site, but in the end returned to this city, where they hung out their joint shingle, and entered upon a successful career almost from the start. General ARTHUR soon afterward married the daughter of Lieutenant HERNDON, U. S. N., who was lost at sea. Congress voted a gold medal to his widow in recognition of the conspicuous bravery he displayed on that occasion. Mrs. ARTHUR died only a short time ago, leaving two children.

General ARTHUR obtained considerable legal celebrity in his first great case, the famous LEMMON suit, brought to recover possession of eight slaves who had been declared free by Judge PAINE, of the Superior Court of this city. It was in 1852 that JONATHAN LEMMON, of Virginia, came to New York with his slaves, intending to ship them to Texas, when they were discovered and freed. The judge decided that they could not be held by the owner under the Fugitive Slave Law. A howl of rage went up from the South, and the Virginia Legislature authorized the Attorney-General of that State to assist in taking an appeal. WILLIAM M. EVARTS and CHESTER A. ARTHUR were employed to represent the people, and they won their case, which then went to the Supreme Court of the United States. CHARLES O'CONOR here espoused the cause of the slave-holders, but he too was beaten by Messrs. EVARTS and ARTHUR, and a long step was taken toward the emancipation of the black race.

Another great service was rendered by General ARTHUR in the same cause in 1856. LIZZIE JENNINGS, a respectable colored woman, was put off a Fourth Avenue car with violence, after she had paid her fare. General ARTHUR sued on her behalf, and secured a verdict of $500 damages. The next day the company issued an order to permit colored persons to ride on their cars, and the other car companies quickly followed their example. Before that the Sixth Avenue Company ran a few special cars for colored persons, and the other lines refused to let them ride at all.

General ARTHUR was a delegate to the Convention at Saratoga that founded the Republican party. Previous to the war he was Judge-Advocate of the Second Brigade of the State Militia, and Governor MORGAN appointed him Engineer-in-Chief of his staff. In 1861 he was made Inspector-General, and soon afterward became Quartermaster-General. In each of these offices he rendered great service to the government during the war. At the end of Governor MORGAN's term he resumed the practice of the law, forming a partnership with Mr. RANSOM, and then Mr. PHELPS, the District Attorney of New York, was added to the firm. He now stands at the head of the firm of ARTHUR, PHELPS, KNEVALS, & RANSOM. He always took a leading part in State and city politics. He was appointed Collector of the Port of New York by President GRANT November 21, 1872, to succeed THOMAS MURPHY, holding the office until July 20, 1878, when he was succeeded by Collector MERRITT. Since then he has devoted his time to his law business, and to State and national politics. He is a member of the Union League Club, where he has very many warm and devoted friends, and in person is tall, athletic, and handsome.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1203.]

A CONFIDENTIAL AGENT.

By JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "AT HER MERCY," "BRED IN THE BONE," "BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK," "WALTER'S WORD," "UNDER ONE ROOF," "HIGH SPIRITS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.—(*Continued.*)

AN ADMISSION.

WHEN the card of Mr. Brail, Detective Department, Scotland Yard, was handed to her by that gentleman in person (for it was who had called on her that morning so long before visiting hours), she at once jumped to the conclusion that he had been sent to her by the police. She had heard of Scotland Yard, and she had heard of detectives, and she at once combined her information: if she had known only a little more, if she had even read some of those excellent works of fiction in which the duties of detectives are portrayed, she would have been aware that they are often employed by private individuals. As it was, instead of beholding in the man a possible emissary of Mr. Signet's, she only saw a member of the force which is supported by the rate-payers, and who should naturally be well disposed toward whoever paid the most rates.

"I have called in accordance with instructions," said Mr. Brail, after a respectful salutation, "concerning your ladyship's diamonds, which it seems are gone a-missing."

"My diamonds! and missing! This is the first I have heard of it." She spoke with great coolness, and apparent deliberation; but the fact was that she had answered on the impulse of the moment. It was her rule of life (as having an aristocratic and indifferent air) not to appear moved by any event, so far as outsiders were concerned, and also she thought it good policy to let the policeman tell his own story. It would not only have disgusted but very seriously alarmed her (for she had good cause for alarm) if she had known that what the policeman was saying to himself was, "That's one lie, my lady, to begin with."

"Well, ma'am, the fact is, Mr. Helston, he as is Mr. Signet's assistant, is missing, and the jewels of course were in his charge."

"Of course they were," assented Lady Pargiter, with emphasis.

"Well, ma'am, you see I'm getting up the case, which is a very important one, and I am naturally desirous of obtaining every information."

"The interests of justice demand it," said Lady Pargiter, approvingly.

"Just so; it is better for everybody's sake—except those as have not acted on the square—that I should be supplied with information."

"There can't be a doubt of it," said Lady Pargiter, "nor can there be a doubt," she added, with severity, "that some person or persons" (this she thought quite a legal touch) "are not acting, as you call it, on the square."

"Well, ma'am, yes, there must have been robbery at least."

"As you say, at least, Mr. Brail—and perhaps something else."

"I am afraid so, ma'am, indeed. It's even betting as it's murder."

"I am not of your opinion, Mr. Brail."

The detective raised his eyes to her rather quicker than was his wont, for all his movements were quiet and methodical.

"It's only my idea," continued she, with a sense of having said too much. "Let us hear your story first."

"Well, ma'am, I've got no story; it isn't my business to have one in these cases, but only to listen to other people's. I've been to Mr. Signet's, of course."

"Well?" said she, impatiently, for he spoke so slowly as almost to appear to have an impediment in his speech.

"He has nothing to say except that Mr. Helston didn't come to his establishment this morning, and consequently did not bring back the jewels. Then, Lady Pargiter, I went to the cabman's—he as brought Mr. Helston to your house. I am bound to say he seems an honest man enough, and to tell a plain tale—though it's a strange one—in a plain way."

"Very likely: why should he not? Well, what does *he* say?"

"Why, he says—and sticks to it—that he brought Mr. Helston to your house as usual, but never took him away again: that he left him here."

"Left Mr. Helston in Moor Street? *in my house?*"

("If she's acting," thought Mr. Brail to himself, "she's a keen one.") No expression of face or voice could be more instinct with astonishment and even indignation. "That's what he says, my lady. That Mr. Helston was asked to stop here."

"Then the man must be mad or drunk. How could such a thing be possible? Do you suppose that my husband—Sir Charles Pargiter—is on visiting terms with a person like this Helston, that he should invite him to remain *here?*" The scorn in her voice was scathing, but it did not scathe Mr. Brail.

"I suppose nothing, my lady," he answered, respectfully; "my business is only to hear other people's suppositions. Rutherford's—that's the cabman's—supposition is that Mr. Helston was ill, with a cold or summut, that the night was a very inclement one, and that therefore he was asked by your ladyship—"

"By me?" ejaculated Lady Pargiter. "This is too audacious!"

"Was asked by you—through your footman—to remain for a few hours. Here are my notes: yes, 'at quarter past three,' said he, 'it being very snowy and blusterous, I had just driven off from the door with my fare' (that was Mr. Helston, of course), 'when one of the six-footers'—I beg your pardon, my lady, he means footman—'runs after the cab and calls me. I stops, and he speaks to Mr. Helston. Mr. Helston tells me to drive back again to the house, and then he goes in-doors. In a minute or two the footman comes out again, and says that his missus has offered Mr. Helston shelter for the night, and that, being so stormy, he has accepted it. And then I drives away, glad enough to go straight home'—which it seems he did," concluded Mr. Brail, shutting up his memorandum-book.

"It is a falsehood from beginning to end," exclaimed Lady Pargiter, pale with passion. "I should as soon have thought of offering such hospitality to the cabman himself."

"I am to understand from you, then, my lady, that the whole story is a fabrication, am I?" observed Mr. Brail, with a sort of gentle importunity. "For instance, that you never sent your footman after Mr. Helston at all?"

For a moment she hesitated. Then she answered plump enough. "No, I never did."

"Very good, ma'am. Then I have no further observation to offer at present."

He was about to take up his hat in departure, when she stopped him with a movement of her hand, and a curt "But *I* have, Mr. Brail."

"Very good, ma'am; my time is yours;" and he sat down again.

"Since you are here in the interests of justice," she continued, speaking in a hard, slow tone, "it is only right you should know the truth, or what I believe to be the truth, Mr. Brail. You said you were desirous to hear the opinions of other people."

"Quite true, ma'am; any suggestion may be valuable, and especially coming from your ladyship."

"It is not a suggestion, but a conviction—a conviction forced upon me by the conduct of a certain person of whom this Helston is the mere creature. When I said there was something in this matter worse than robbery, I alluded to what I believe the law terms a conspiracy."

The detective inclined his head. "There is such a thing, ma'am, in law, no doubt, and it is a very serious matter."

"It ought to be a hanging matter," observed Lady Pargiter, with decision. "Well, if you will take my advice, it is in that direction that you will turn your attention."

"You think this little affair was undertaken, as it were, by a company, ma'am?"

"I do. The man Helston had not the wits for it himself, but a certain opportunity for fraud having presented itself to him, he informed his employer, and the two men concerted the robbery."

"And would you have any objection, ma'am, to state," said Mr. Brail, with that grave movement of his head which, without being precisely assent or approval, seemed nevertheless to invite confidence, "what the opportunity was?"

"It is a matter that does not affect this inquiry, Mr. Brail; but I have reason to believe there was such an opportunity, and that Mr. Signet took advantage of it."

"I should suggest there was no necessity for mentioning names, my lady—leastways at this stage of the business."

"Very good: of course I speak to you in confidence."

"Just so, my lady; and there being no witnesses but you and me, it would be difficult to prove a libel: your contention is, I reckon, that the diamonds having been lost when not in your possession, Mr. Signet is answerable for them?"

"Most certainly it is. Hence arises his miserable device of pretending that his assistant found shelter here last night. That he has suborned the cabman I have no sort of doubt."

"Then where is it—if I may make so bold—that in your ladyship's opinion Mr. Helston is?"

"I believe he is in hiding somewhere, yet not so closely hid but that Mr. Signet can find him. A man like that can take my diamonds and set them afresh so that none of them can be recognized. It is a cheaper way even than giving me half their value for them, as he once had the hardihood to offer;" and Lady Pargiter's face, which had been pale enough during some portions of the interview, flushed with the remembrance of that outrage.

"Well, my lady, I will take to heart what you say," said Mr. Brail, "and by putting two and two together, make no doubt that I shall come to the bottom of this matter. Good-morning, and many thanks to your ladyship."

The instant he had parted from her, Lady Pargiter rang for her maid.

"You did what I told you with respect to Har-

vey," said she, quickly—"I mean as to telling him to hold his tongue."

"Certainly I did, my lady."

"And you said it as from yourself, and not from me."

"Well, of course, my lady," replied Patty, with a smile that seemed to say, "Am I an idiot?" "I laid every injunction upon Harvey directly I left your ladyship's presence, and, to do him justice, he was willing enough to oblige me, only—"

"Only what?" inquired her mistress, impatiently.

"Well, I am afraid it was a little late, my lady; for the first man as this Mr. Brail came across—indeed, he opened the door to him—was Harvey; and the first question he put to him was, 'Did your mistress happen to send you after Mr. Helston's cab last night?' When, meaning no harm, he told the truth, and said, 'Yes, she did.'"

Lady Pargiter made no reply; only lisped out the word "Dolt," and sank into a chair; but if those who averred that her ladyship's face was "incapable of expression" could have seen it at that moment, they would have confessed their error.

CHAPTER XXVI.

PUBLICITY.

It was characteristic of the quiet little household in Cavendish Grove that it took in no daily newspaper: Uncle Stephen was wont to aver that sooner or later he was sure to hear any news that was worth hearing, while all that was worthless died away and never reached him, while Matthew was too wrapped up in his own thoughts and in the causes of Madge's failure to interest himself in the affairs of the day. But of late "the flying buttress," as Mr. Frank Barlow had been named by Sabey, because of his propinquity, and also from his intimate relations with the family, kept the ladies at least *au courant* with all that was going on. He was "of the day, daily," as Uncle Stephen said, both by nature and calling, and the morning newspaper, and indeed the evening, were as the breath of life to him. On the morning after Matthew's disappearance, however, he found his favorite journal a little *too* interesting, like a man who, though accustomed to quinine, takes six grains instead of two, and discovers that a tonic has its drawbacks. The shock, nevertheless, although severe, was far from unexpected; he had been well aware that that little paragraph in the *Night-Cap* would grow like a mushroom (or rather like rankest toad-stool), and be served in the morning, in its new shape, at every breakfast table in the kingdom. The "Mysterious Disappearance of a Jeweller's Assistant" was now transformed into "Great Jewel Robbery," and the circumstance of Matthew being missing was made subordinate to the loss of "those diamonds which on the person of their owner, Lady Pargiter, have been so long a familiar object with all frequenters of the haunts of Fashion." It was wonderful, considering the short time that had elapsed since the occurrence, how accurate on the whole were the details; but at the same time, as it seemed to Mr. Barlow, the paragraph had the appearance of being more or less "inspired"; it took for granted that the loss of the jewels would fall upon "the respectable and long-established firm of Star & Signet," whom it condoled with accordingly; but it especially condoled with Lady Pargiter, whom "no mere sum of money could recompense for a parure which was practically priceless, as well as endeared to her by hereditary association." The sting of the narrative, however, which was a pretty long one, lay in its tail; for it concluded with these words, "We understand that the missing personage, Matthew Helston, had been intrusted with the custody of the jewels only on one or two previous occasions, and had been in the service of Messrs. Star & Signet but a few months."

"These people are worth powder and shot, that's some comfort," was Mr. Barlow's first exclamation on reading this unpleasant remark; "let them only speak out a trifle more plainly, and by Jove they shall pay for it. But in the mean time, what a blow it will be for Amy and her sister. They're sure to see it, however, or something worse; and at all events some 'd——d good-natured friend' is sooner or later certain to tell them all about it. I'd better take it in and get it over."

Accordingly he took it in and showed it to Uncle Stephen and Amy; the former agreed with him that it was only what was to have been expected, but the latter was vehemently indignant. She only wished the man who wrote such words of Matthew could but have seen his wife as she had seen her, sleepless, desolate, despairing.

"My dear Amy," said Uncle Stephen, "he would only have made another paragraph about *her*, and cleared perhaps seven and sixpence by it. Do you really mean that Sabey has had no sleep?"

"I believe none; I have stolen into her room at all hours, and found her watching; sitting, lying, or standing, it is all the same with her; her eyes are never closed, and begin to have a haunted look in them which terrifies me. The very child at times seems frightened at her, and cries distressingly. Should she see this paper, I should tremble for her reason."

"Yet it had no ill effect on *you*, who are her other self," observed Uncle Stephen; "I noticed that on the contrary it made you pluck up spirit."

"To let her see it would be a dangerous experiment," remarked Mr. Barlow, "in Mrs. Helston's weak condition."

"There is nothing so bad as suspense, in my opinion," argued the old man. "Any change from that would be a change for the better. If you could persuade her that her husband's honor is impugned, and needs defending, that would put heart into her."

"She needs it," murmured Amy, with a deep sigh.

At this moment there was a violent ring at the front door.

"Did I not hear a bell?" said Uncle Stephen; as though a 34-pounder had been fired at one's ear, and one had asked, "Did not something go off just now?"

Amy rushed into the hall, to find Mr. Signet stamping flakes of snow there off his boots, which he had incurred in his passage from the cab, and inquiring of the servant for herself.

"My dear Miss Thurlow, you are the very person I came to see," said he, effusively.

"Is there any news, Mr. Signet?"

"Well, scarcely news; but I promised to come, you know, if anything occurred."

"It is very kind of you, I'm sure. Oh, Mr. Signet, do you bring us hope?"

"Well, at all events this will help us," he said, holding up the same newspaper which Mr. Barlow had just brought. "Publicity is always useful in these cases; but of all the disgraceful, abominable statements—"

"Is that you, Mr. Signet?" exclaimed a broken voice at the top of the stairs.

"Yes, ma'am, it's me," returned the jeweller, not very graciously. "I hope I find you as well as can be expected. I will come to you if you wish it, in one minute, but I want to say two words in private to Miss Thurlow."

"Oh, Frank, here is Mr. Signet," said Amy, as Mr. Barlow made his appearance in the hall with a frown on his usually pleasant face. "He has something to say" (here she dropped her voice) "that he does not wish dear Sabey to hear."

"You will keep nothing from me, Amy," pleaded Sabey from the floor above, as though she had heard her words. "Oh, let me hear what Mr. Signet has to say."

Her voice was so pitiful, mingled as it was with the querulous cry of the child, that it went to Amy's heart.

"I must go to my sister," she said, hurriedly. "Pray say all you wish to Mr. Barlow, Mr. Signet, and to Uncle Stephen. They will know what it is best for her to hear."

Since it seemed that all chance of a *tête-à-tête* was over for the present, the jeweller followed Mr. Barlow into the parlor.

"This is a sad business," said Mr. Durham, as he held out his hand to the visitor.

"Ah, you have seen the paper. Sad is no word for it. It is disgusting that the press should lend itself to such manœuvres."

"Manœuvres!" echoed Uncle Stephen. "It seems to me that is a mild term for the implication conveyed."

"You are right, Mr. Durham; it is an *ex parte* statement of the vilest kind."

"What *does* he mean by an *ex parte* statement?" mused Uncle Stephen, looking at Mr. Signet with much curiosity; "why is it, I wonder, that all these good people use foreign tongues so much? They are like bad cooks, that serve up everything, even though it is very good of itself, with walnut catchup."

"It is obvious to me," continued Mr. Signet, "that the man who wrote this notice has been got at by Lady Pargiter. It must have cost her ten pounds at least—and I hope twenty. The idea of "no sum of money" recompensing that woman for her diamonds, when to my knowledge she has done her best to get rid of them for the last three months! And then his alluding to my responsibility as being an acknowledged fact, when it is by no means certain that she has not got them all the time in Moor Street! I call it disgusting and disgraceful."

"I had an idea that you might be alluding to the rather unpleasant charge this paper makes by implication against my nephew," observed Mr. Durham, dryly.

"Well, and that's bad too, sir—very bad," admitted Mr. Signet.

"But still, the loss of one's character is nothing as compared with the loss of one's money," added Uncle Stephen, with a philosophic air.

"Well, it must be a deuced good character if it's worth £25,000," rejoined Mr. Signet. "I don't know one that would fetch that money myself."

"Are we to understand that you have nothing further to communicate to us," inquired Mr. Barlow, stiffly, "beyond what we had already learned for ourselves from the newspaper?"

"I did not come to communicate even *that* to you, sir," replied Mr. Signet. "I have a request to make to Miss Thurlow. She is under the expectation that when the time was ripe I should do so. Indeed, we made an arrangement together to that effect."

"You are perhaps unaware, Mr. Signet," returned Mr. Barlow, "that it is not usual for gentlemen—who are in no way connected with them—to make private arrangements with young ladies. If you have anything to say to Miss Thurlow, you will be good enough to do so through me, who have the honor to be her destined husband."

"You are a business man, I understand, Mr. Barlow," returned Mr. Signet, coldly, "and if so, you should know that business matters, when of a confidential kind—as this happens to be—are conducted between principals without the interference of a third party. You have no *locus standi* in the matter whatever."

"There he is again!" muttered Uncle Stephen. "I am curious to see, when Barlow pulls his nose (which will happen presently), whether he will even *then* speak plain English."

"You are talking of what you don't understand, Mr. Signet, and also very impertinently," said Mr. Barlow. "You shall not see Miss Thurlow alone, either now or at any other time, I promise you. If you go up stairs at all, it will be in my company."

"Then I shall go up stairs to no purpose, since I do not choose to speak what I have to say in your hearing," returned Mr. Signet.

Here Amy appeared at the door, like some sweet divinity of old, to appease the wrath of warring mortals.

"If you wouldn't mind coming to see my sister, Mr. Signet, she would take it very kind of you. She is growing impatient to hear your news. I think, Frank," added she, as Mr. Barlow rose with the obvious intention of forming one of the party, "that too many of us at a time oppress poor Sabey; it will be better if she and I were to see Mr. Signet alone."

"It seems to me natural enough," observed Uncle Stephen, as Mr. Barlow stood irresolute. He was ashamed, under circumstances so sad, and in the presence of innocent unconscious Amy, to show his jealousy—nor, indeed, was he jealous of her at all; but he was very loath to give up his point. Poor Matthew's dislike of Mr. Signet had been as a pin's point to a barbed arrow's in comparison with the prejudice he himself now entertained against that gentleman.

"Would not Sabey prefer to see this—to see Mr. Signet alone?" he said—a proposition manifestly weak even to the suggester of it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE HON. GEORGE F. HOAR.

On page 412 will be found the portrait of the Hon. George F. Hoar, who presided with such signal ability over the deliberations of the Republican Convention at Chicago. Mr. Hoar was born at Concord, Massachusetts, in 1826, and graduated, at the age of twenty, at Harvard College. After studying law at the Dane Law School, he settled at Worcester, Massachusetts, and entered on the practice of his profession. In 1852 he was a member of the State House of Representatives, and in 1857 of the State Senate. He was a Representative in the Forty-first, Forty-second, Forty-third, and Forty-fourth Congresses, and declined being a candidate for election to the Forty-fifth. He was a member of the Electoral Commission of 1876, and in the following year took his seat in the United States Senate as the successor of the Hon. George S. Boutwell.

THE AILMENTS OF OLD AGE.

By A FAMILY DOCTOR.

A green or, as some call it, a "hearty" old age is what we all hope to live to, if we hope to live to be old at all. Whether we do so or not depends greatly upon how we use ourselves in the days of our youth and prime of manhood. But, contrary to what the poet says, I hold that it is not at all necessary for the aged to have, as a rule, "weary days and nights of sleepless pain." No, nor for the old to wish youth to come again. There is a land where youth blooms eternal; let us rather look forward than backward. There is no greater blessing that can be enjoyed in old age than that of contentment. In the case of the aged, contentment really is a continual feast. It is a habit, therefore, that ought to be cultivated, if only for these two reasons: first, that fretfulness aggravates any ailment or chronic disease one may be suffering from—owing to the effect the mind has over the body; and secondly, that a fretful man (or woman) is less likely to be loved by those around him, upon whom he is really dependent for the comforts of his daily life; for let him be as rich as Crœsus, and able to command all the luxuries life can give, I think it is better to deserve than command, and better to be loved for one's self than toadied to for one's wealth.

The disease known by medical men as senile bronchitis comes uppermost to my mind; it is little else than a bad cough, with copious expectoration of frothy phlegm and matter. It is usually easiest in summer and on fine sunshiny days, and worst in winter and dark gloomy weather. In other words, the secretion is diminished by life in the warmth of the sun, and increased by cold; diminished by the exhilaration of spirits caused by a fine day, and increased by the gloom of a dull one, and this latter is simply a proof of what I said just now about fretfulness always aggravating any present disorder. Take a case in point: an old man who, verging on eighty, has always been used to an active out-of-door life, and although suffering from severe senile bronchitis, still takes walks abroad every fine forenoon, is confined to the house on a rainy day; he will still take his exercise up and down the room, pausing oft to gaze longingly through the windows, and wondering, while he bemoans his hard fate, if it ever means to clear up. This very worry of mind then increases both cough and expectoration; he at once thinks he is "booked" for another world. "Bless my heart," he will say to his wife, "did ever you see the like? Did you ever in your born days hear such a cough? Ah! my dear, you won't have me long now."

But presently the sun "blinks" out. He brightens up, forgets his cough, and lays aside the cordial mixture, both objects of untiring interest to him all this forenoon.

"I'll take my stick," he says, "and run down and see how poor old So-and-so is to-day."

He goes out, and a couple of hours after he returns humming a tune, looking, ay, and feeling just twenty years younger, and his very first question to his wife is,

"Dinner ready yet, my dear?"

This is no imaginary sketch, and I could give you fifty, nay, a hundred like it.

Well, I fear that to many the symptoms of senile bronchitis, or the catarrh of old people, are too well known to need description; and those who so suffer will do well to take good care of themselves, without overdoing it. The exercise should be moderate—that is, never carried to the verge of fatigue; at the same time it is no reason, on a fine day, why a patient should come to the house at once, when he feels a little tired; let him take heart of grace and rest for a short time in a sunny corner, out of the draught, then continue the walk. Bath-chairs are useful where the feebleness is very great, but care must be taken to wrap up well, and that the feet be not cold. The food should be the best procurable; if the teeth are bad, the meat ought to be minced with one of those handy patent masticators. Time should be taken in eating, and a moderate allowance of good wine taken with the meal. Occasionally a short course of tonics may help to strengthen the system, and increase the digestion. One of the best I know is made of compound tincture of bark one ounce, hemlock juice six drams, ten ounces of camphor water, and a few drops of peppermint; dose, an ounce three times a day.

Cod-liver oil does great good in these cases, when it can be borne; if it is not well borne, however, it should be discontinued after a good trial. A mixture of ammonia, spirits of chloroform, and squills, which any intelligent druggist can compound, will do good service. About fifteen drops of Friar's balsam in a cup of tea three times a day will give great relief in many cases, and those who are subject to this complaint should never want an inhaler in the house. Five drops of turpentine with about ten of laudanum may be added to every ounce of hot water in the inhaler, and deep long breaths be taken—once or twice a day is sufficient. When the chest feels very bad, warm turpentine should be rubbed over it, and an aperient pill taken.

Rheumatism is often associated with bronchitis, and until you have got rid of the former you will hardly succeed in relieving the latter. For this end avoid, for a time, wine, beer, spirits, and everything likely to produce acidity; wear thicker flannel, dusted inside with sulphur, and try a dose or two of colchicum at bedtime. On the other hand, to the aged rheumatic I could well recommend a course of the iodide of potassium with bark—such a prescription as this, for example: Twenty grains of iodide of potassium, two drams of the tincture of henbane, a dram of bicarbonate of potash, and nine ounces of the tincture of yellow bark; the dose, two table-spoonfuls twice a day.

Sleeplessness is a common concomitant of gathering years. I but mention it to warn my readers against the use of sleeping draughts, which do but act artificially, and hardly ever fail to ultimately shorten life; pure air, very well-ventilated bedroom, exercise, and a light supper, with perhaps a glass of wine negus or even hot spirits with water and a pipe a short time before retiring, are the only safe narcotics in old age. Old people, by-the-way, do not need so much sleep as the younger folks, and if they retire early they ought to be up betimes.

I may add in conclusion that the aged, being very sensitive to cold, should wear warm though light clothing, with flannel next the skin—the clothes being loose, not tight; they should have their bedrooms and bed-clothes well aired, and for the purposes of warmth and ventilation a little bit of fire in the bedroom. The bed-clothes should be soft and warm without being heavy, and the surroundings cheerful in appearance.

THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO.

The present Sultan is by no means illiberal in his ideas, if we may take his language for the expression of his thoughts. He explained, in the audience he granted to a recent Italian envoy, that he was quite disposed to move with the times, though unfortunately it was impossible that he should move quickly; nor could anybody who had the opportunity of making acquaintance with his subjects refuse to admit the validity of the excuse. Notwithstanding that, we can easily believe that he shares his subjects' disinclination to the intrusion of foreigners; and the more enlightened the ruler may be, the less can he like inquisitions into the eccentricities of his maladministration. It must be admitted, however, that when he consents to receive a guest, he does not do things by halves. According to popular renown, he is immensely wealthy; and distinguished travellers have listened to marvellous accounts of the amounts of coin stowed away in the cellars of his treasure-house at Mequinez. The Italian gentlemen were informed in a hushed voice, and with mysterious gestures, that it contained five hundred millions of francs; that they were stored in a palace within a palace, lighted only from the roof, and approached by vaulted passages, strongly defended by grated doors; that the subterranean treasury is beneath a grand central hall; that three hundred negroes, four times in the year, shovel in the gold and silver sent by the Sultan; and that those slaves who are intrusted with the dangerous secrets are kept close prisoners in the palace. Once ordered within its fatal gates, they never pass them again till carried out for burial. Some part of the legend is no doubt true; but it is a natural enough notion of the superstitious Moors to put their treasure under the care of restless spirits, by condemning its guardians to imprisonment and death. The buccaneers did precisely the same thing when they concealed their booty on the "Keys" of the Spanish Main.

YACHTING.

The annual regatta of the New York Yacht Club took place on the 10th of June, under the most favorable auspices of wind and temperature. The following yachts were entered for competition: First-class centre-board schooners: *Tidal Wave*, *Crusader*, and *Clytie*. Second-class: *Estelle* and *Clio*. First-class centre-board sloops: *Gracie*, *Mischief*, *Vision*, *Coming*, and *Wizard*. Second-class: *Rover*, *Regina*, and *Vixen*. Keel sloops: *Psyche*, *Glance*, *Volante*, and *Muriel*.

On page 412 will be found engravings of the prizes for which the yachts contended. They were manufactured by Mr. Theodore B. Starr, of this city, and are very tasteful in design and execution. The list is as follows:

No. 1. The punch bowl, ten inches in height, has the general surface in silver satin finish, with a border around the top of laurel leaves in copper-applied work, and two heads of Neptune in

THE HON. GEORGE F. HOAR.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 411.]

JOHN BROUGHAM.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.—[SEE PAGE 407.]

oxidized silver, one on each side. Partly coiled around the base, and helping to support the bowl, is a large dolphin in parcel gilt.

No. 2. A love cup, ten inches in height. It is executed in hammered silver, with rope handles in parcel gilt on each side. At the top there is a head of Neptune, gilt, in bass-relief, and about the centre is placed a large anchor in copper applied work.

No. 3. The wine cooler is ten inches in height, and is of burnished silver. A rope of copper, with various nautical emblems attached to it, extends around the body, and is arranged to serve for handles. Laurel leaves, also of copper, are entwined with the rope.

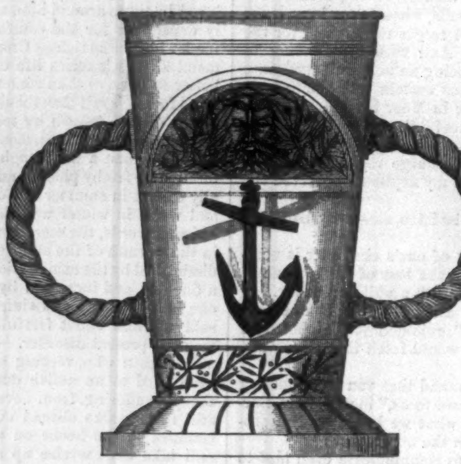
No. 4. A love cup, also ten inches in height, has a Neptune border around the top, rope handles in gilt, and an anchor, a pair of oars, and a wheel of copper applied in the centre. Around the base is a rich border of laurel leaves in gilt.

No. 5. A large pitcher, eleven inches in height, executed in satin-finished silver. A head of Neptune of oxidized silver in high relief ornaments the front, and on each side of the handle is a spray of laurel leaves of copper applied work. On one side the laurel is separated by a rope, forming a shield for an inscription.

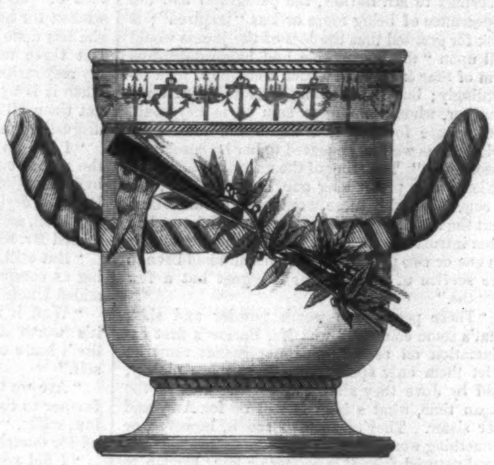
No. 6 is a massive tankard, standing eleven inches high, executed in a silver satin finish, with two elegantly wrought silver borders around the body, and one around the base in oxidized silver. On the lid is a handsome fender, with rope, in copper-work, and a chain and anchor in oxidized silver.

The winners in the race were the *Tidal Wave*, *Clio*, *Mischief*, *Vixen*, and *Volante*, in their respective classes.

No. 1.—PUNCH BOWL.



No. 2.—A LOVE CUP.



No. 3.—WINE COOLER.

No. 4.—A LOVE CUP.

No. 5.—SILVER PITCHER.

No. 6.—TANKARD.

THE YACHT RACE—PRIZE CUPS.—MANUFACTURED BY THEODORE B. STARR.

THE YACHT RACE.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.—[See Page 411.]

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Early in June, Long Island farmers were surprised by the unwelcome arrival of a troublesome summer visitor. He was not in the least expected, but he came, all the same, bringing his numerous family, every one of whom possessed an insatiable appetite, and commenced eating without ceremony. At the latest report, this pest of the farmer—the army-worm—was rapidly consuming growing crops, and seemed as hungry as ever. The army-worm first appeared on "Deer Range" farm, at Islip, and attacked a forty-acre field of rye, utterly destroying it in a short time. The heads of grain had begun to fill, and it is said that a threshing machine could not have more thoroughly stripped the stalk of its succulent juices than did this worm. What is singular is the fact that every worm was apparently allotted its own special stalk, no one interfering with another in the work of destruction; but not a blade was left unharmed; the crop was completely consumed. The enemy moves northward in a solid phalanx, and has wrought destruction upon growing crops in numerous places in New Jersey, Staten Island, and on Long Island. Nothing avails to turn him from his course, and scarcely anything will destroy him. Fire would be effective, only it is difficult to safely employ it against the army-worm, owing to the parched condition of the grass. Paris green has been used with some effect, also lime, tar, and kerosene. The army-worm, when fully grown, is described as measuring from one to two inches in length, and about as thick as a goose-quill, of a gray color, with two lateral stripes, one reddish, the other of yellow hue. It has sixteen legs; nevertheless, although so well supplied with walking apparatus, it marches with great deliberation, and at the slightest touch curls up into a ring.

Marie Alexandrovna, Czarina of Russia, died on the morning of June 3, in the fifty-sixth year of her age. She had long been feeble, and her death was not unexpected. The Czar was not at the Winter Palace at the time, but at the imperial summer residence, Tsarskoe-Selo, whence he was immediately summoned by telegraph. Funeral services were held in the chapel of the Winter Palace on the 5th of June, and on the 7th the body of the dead Empress was conveyed to the Petropaulovsk Fortress, where two days afterward the high service took place. The Empress was the daughter of Louis II., Grand Duke of Hesse, and was married in April, 1841. She was at that time vivacious and charming. But in after-years she became gloomy, and her delicate health and domestic trials made her life a sad one. She possessed many admirable qualities, and is said to have been devotedly attached to her husband, whose neglect caused her great grief.

While the Paris Salon is open, a weekly paper will be published, called *Le Salon*. It contains art criticisms, and reproductions of sketches and studies by artists. The Fine Arts Department has decided to increase the number of medals to be granted to artists competing in the Salon this year, as well as to nearly double the number of honorary mentions.

Fulton Market has been pronounced by the Department of Buildings an unsafe structure, which ought to be taken down from its foundations. The examination of it revealed its danger. The foundations have settled, and are cracked; the roof is no better, and the timbers rotten; the trusses supporting the roof are broken and cut; the floors badly deflected and decayed. While the work of building a new market is going on—for it is reasonable to expect that the old one will soon be removed—it is proposed that the Commissioner of Public Works shall erect a temporary building in Burling Slip for the use of the present stand-holders of Fulton Market.

On the 21st of June the Sea-shore Cottage at Atlanticville, near Long Branch, will be opened for the reception of visitors. The Cottage, which is situated immediately upon the sea-shore, with ample facilities for surf-bathing, will accommodate fifty persons, and those desirous of availing themselves of this opportunity for rest and refreshment in the bracing sea air should apply in person at the Young Women's Christian Association, No. 7 East Fifteenth Street, between the hours of eleven and one and five and seven o'clock, where all needful information will be given. The Cottage is especially designed as a summer resort for the young working-women of this city who need a rest during the hot season. The stay of each visitor will be limited to two weeks, and nine dollars will cover the expense of these two weeks for board and railroad fares.

Among recent additions to the Central Park Museum of Natural History are some enormous bones found in the ancient seas of Colorado and Kansas. The sterile lands of Colorado and the chalky deserts of Kansas are the beds of those ancient seas, and the discovery of innumerable bones and skeletons in them was originally made by Professor Marsh and by the late Professor Mudge. Crocodile-like reptiles, from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet long, must have swarmed in those great inland seas, for monster bones which have been found reveal their size.

The members of the Atalanta Boat Club claim that their club is the oldest in existence. Not long ago the boat club's house was moved to a pleasant situation on the Harlem River, near Macomb's Dam Bridge, and within a short distance of the terminus of the elevated railway.

We understand that Amherst College is to have a professorship of music.

The venerable Rev. Rufus Anderson, D.D., so long known in connection with the American Board of Missions, died on May 30, at the age of eighty-three years, nine months, and eleven days. Hundreds of missionary laborers will pleasantly remember the hospitable home at Roxbury, Massachusetts, wherein they ever found a cordial welcome, and will feel that by his death they have lost a true friend. His long life was consecrated to the missionary work, in a wide and general way. For thirty-four years he was Foreign Secretary of the American Board, and after resigning that office he spent his old age in collecting and arranging memorials of this great missionary enterprise.

Night schools on the general plan of the Evening High School are to be established by the New York Board of Education. The studies will be optional.

At the recent meeting in this city of the American Medical Association, a warm discussion took place in regard to the metric system of weights. Last year, at the meeting held at Atlanta, an Executive Metric Committee was appointed, and it was by the report of this committee that the question was presented to the association. It was decidedly recommended that the metric system be taught and practiced in medical colleges and dispensaries. This proposal awakened some decided opposition from physicians who believed it to be a premature action; but when the vote was taken, the resolution to adopt the proposed change was carried by a large majority. The next general meeting of the Medical Association will be held at Richmond, beginning on the first Tuesday of May, 1881.

The Proflograph is a new and remarkable machine which traces mechanically on paper the outlines of the ground over which it travels. It was described in detail at a recent meeting of the Société d'Encouragement pour l'Industrie Nationale, at Paris. For surveyors and others engaged in levelling operations this machine promises to be very useful. It is probable it may be used in the new general survey of France contemplated by the government.

The new Rockaway Beach Hotel is said to be the largest in the world. These are some of the figures: length, 1100 feet; average width, 300 feet; height, from four to six stories above the basement; 616 sleeping-rooms; two elevators; ten staircases; 5000 gas jets. The piazza fronting the sea extends the entire length of the building, and is to be 70 feet wide at the main entrance, and 54 feet wide on the wings. There is to be a terraced lawn more than 1500 feet long, and about 250 feet in breadth.

A VALUABLE PATENT.

One of the most useful and valuable patents ever issued from our patent office has just been granted to the Hektograph Company of New York, as the assignees of Messrs. Kwaysser & Husak of Bohemia, for the process of dry copying. This process has come into almost universal use in this country within the past twelve months, and is the most simple and useful mode of duplicating writings or drawings ever invented. By it any writing or drawing, executed with an aniline ink, can be transferred to a surface of gelatine, and then as many as one hundred copies can be printed by simply pressing dry sheets of paper on the surface containing the transfer. No press is required, nor are acids or water used. The apparatus for use of the process consists simply of a shallow oblong tin case filled with a preparation of Gelatine to the depth of about an inch, and is exceedingly simple and inexpensive. The process now being patented cannot be used without the license of the Hektograph Company, who are the sole owners of the patents for this country.—[*Com.*]

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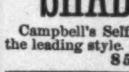

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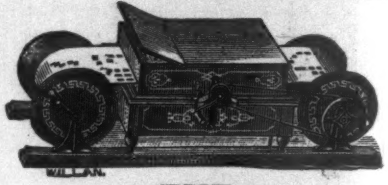

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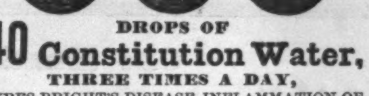

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